

Carmel Pine Cone

VOL. XIII, No. 11

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1927.

5c PER COPY

Barry Parker To Be Tried In Carmel's Court Today

Set for trial this morning at 10 o'clock before Recorder Alfred P. Fraser, the case of the People versus Barry Parker for violations of the "Little Volstead Act" will have hearing. There is to be no jury, the defendant, by his attorney, Jack Orcutt, having waived the right to a trial by his peers.

Marshal August Englund swore to a complaint charging Parker with possession of liquor, after a raid upon the log cabin cottage at Eighth and Carmelo streets on the night of Monday, March 7. At that time there was found the material for the manufacture of synthetic gin; also bottles, corks, caps and labels to give the home-made gin the outer aspect of respectability.

It is alleged that in the backyard there at the time was the automobile of Barry Parker, and that there is a witness who will swear today that Parker sold liquor in the cottage; other witnesses, it is said, will testify that he lived at the place, together with Jack Flynn, also

charged under warrant, but not as yet apprehended.

Although the complaints were issued by Recorder Fraser Tuesday, the eighth, it was Saturday before Parker was found. He gave himself up, and was brought by the marshal before Fraser, who set the hour for arraignment at 10 o'clock Monday morning. At that time Parker pleaded "not guilty," waived jury trial, and waived being tried together with Flynn, charged in the same complaint.

At the hearing, upon advice of his attorney, Parker refused to answer leading questions asked by the Pine Cone's representative, but stated that he had slept at the cottage where the liquor was found only two nights in his life, and as a guest of the tenant. He said that on the Monday night in question, he went to a movie show in Monterey, and afterward to a rehearsal of a play in which he is cast. Early next morning, he said, having received a telegram, he went to San Francisco to attend his uncle's funeral.

Will Celebrate Their Golden Wedding

On March 28th, 1877, fifty years ago, in the city of San Francisco, Charles Clark, a young lawyer, and Emma Fowler were united in marriage by the Rev. W. A. Scott in St. John's Presbyterian church.

On March twenty-eighth, next, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark will celebrate their golden anniversary at the home of their son Jefferson Davis Clark, in Dallas, Texas. The name of this son will indicate that the Clarks are southerners, Judge Clark being born in Natchez, Mississippi, and Mrs. Clark being a native of New Orleans, La.

Young Clark arrived in San Francisco in 1871, and continued the study of law, which he had begun in his home state. For nine years he practiced his profession in San Francisco during which time he was associated with the legal firm of Haggerty and Tevis. He then changed the scene of his labors to the small city of San Jose, and for forty years was a prominent figure in the courts of Santa Clara county.

Charles Clark's practice was by no means confined to the local courts, he having acted as counsel in various cases before the state and federal courts. He specialized in probate matters.

For twenty years of the forty, during which Clark practiced in San Jose, the family residence was in Carmel, Clark making week end trips to be with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark have been the parents of five children, four boys and one girl, the one girl is Margaret Clark, formerly Carmel librarian, and now associated with her father, who during the past two years has had his office in Carmel. She will accompany the Golden couple to Texas, where they will remain for a month.

YO, HO, HO, SING THE UNIVERSITY SKIPPERS

"Three Merrie Sailors are we, Oh Ho!" called out James E. Henderson, John C. Reinhardt and Lloyd L. Thomas, University of California students, as they took three steps at a time and hailed themselves into the Pine Inn foyer. These three daring adventurers cut their way through the tempestuous waters of the Pacific last Saturday morning all the way from San Francisco bay to the blue waters of Pebble Beach in a small but trusty launch.

Sunday morning, in the face of disastrous clouds the three courageous youths headed their launch for home port. But Old Man Neptune wreaking vengeance with the southwest winds forced the small craft into Santa Cruz harbor and it was from there they telephoned friends at the Pine Inn announcing in voices bravado:

"We're soaked but not sinking. Yo ho! Guess we'll have to give right-of-way to the watery elements until fair weather."

Fair Monday morning and the little craft with its crew of three sailed from Santa Cruz for San Francisco Bay.

Annie Laurie, well known writer in newspapers and magazines, was down from San Francisco for the week end at her Carmel home.

Frederick Ward Coaches Miss Noskoviak As Juliet

Out of the happy combination of a great master coaching ardent youth should come to us a new revelation of an age old love story glorified by a finesse of interpretation.

Frederick Ward, who has the distinction of having been one of America's greatest Shakespearean actors and who is now retired from the stage, will be a guest of the Pine Inn the week following April sixteenth at which time he will coach Jadviga Noskoviak in the role of "Juliet."

Yes, "Juliet" is coming to Carmel! It isn't that she has not heretofore had an invitation. Oh no! Instead of the famous inquiry of "Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo!" the cry has been, indeed, quite the opposite for Romeo has been paging the fair Juliet for lo, these many moons. Now, at last she has been found and will make her first appearance in Carmel this summer, at the Forest Theatre when Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" will be presented by Carmel talent.

Miss Noskoviak, a petite, golden haired young woman, possesses the grace of natural gentility and the artistic intelligence necessary to the making of a fine actress; the fortitude of her foreign parentage colors her personality and the romance of her birthplace is perhaps reflected in the depths of her emotions. She is a wise choice for the famed role of Shakespeare's much beloved

heroine. Miss Noskoviak was born in Chili of German mother and Polish father and received her education in California.

Carmel has already had evidence of her superb acting. Her part in George Ball's production of Flavin's "Children of the Moon," called for the most delicate interpretation. As the "moon-mad maiden" in this play, Jadviga Noskoviak carried her audience into fanciful realms with breathless admiration for her artistry. It will also be recalled that this actress was an admirable "Ophelia" in Herbert Heron's production of Hamlet at the Forest Theatre last July and was in "The Nursery Maid" produced by Ted Kuster at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

Aside from enjoying the honors of leading lady in Carmel plays, Miss Noskoviak is an accomplished pianist and singer and is now with the Duffy Players of San Francisco.

Frederick Ward, the widely known master of Shakespeare's plays, is greatly beloved and admired throughout the country not only for his genius in interpretation but for his magnetism and charm in presenting his reminiscences of the stage and its people.

During his week's visit at the Pine Inn he will give a special public reading of the play "Romeo and Juliet." At the time of the actor's last sojourn in Carmel, he gave a reading of "Julius Caesar."

Congress of Parents and Teachers Meets

The Monterey county federation of the Congress of Parents and Teachers met in the Seaside school Seaside, Saturday, March 12, with a splendid attendance. At one o'clock the hostess club, the Del Monte P.T.A. served a delicious three course luncheon under the direction of Mrs. Wheat, luncheon chairman.

During the lunch hour a delightful musical program was given under the direction of Mrs. Howe, assisted by some of her music pupils.

Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, president of the Carmel P.T.A., was appointed chairman of the department of education. Mrs. Schoeninger is well able to handle this department as she has had much experience along the lines of educational work. She expects to outline a plan for the year and the accomplishment of some definite work is assured.

Reports heard from the various associations show work being done through the county. The Carmel P.T.A. has been sponsoring dances for the young folks which have proven a decided success, and was instrumental in procuring Miss Smith, naturalist, to carry on a course in plant and sea life in the Carmel school. The movement is being financed by interested women of Carmel.

The Gonzales club is putting on picture shows every Friday night for the children, using the best that

can be had through the Paramount motion picture company. Other clubs gave similar reports, all showing a definite progress in P. T. A. work.

The Federation voted \$75 to the president for traveling expenses to the National Convention to be held in Oakland, from May 21 to 28th, and to the State convention in Los Angeles from May 31 to June 4th.

Mrs. George Schuler of Pacific Grove and Campbell, and Mrs. Estelle Joyce of Carmel were elected to the district nominating committee. Under the new division of districts the Monterey county federation will no longer be a part of the 6th district but with Santa Cruz county will be known as district 20.

A movement for the change of the name federation to that of council is being considered and will be definitely decided at the state convention. All other states in the Union are using the term council instead of federation.

The president announced a board meeting to be held early in May. The Carmel P.T.A. has invited the executive board to be the guest of that association on Wednesday May 4th with lunch at 1 o'clock.

The next regular meeting of the Monterey County Federation will be held Saturday, June 11th, when the annual election of officers of the first division will be chosen.

Rev. I. M. Terwilliger attended the preachers meeting at Salinas, Monday.

Commercial Bodies Endorse College

Provided it is found possible to combine the two senior grades of high school work with two junior college years, giving the Junior College a four year term; taking from the grammar schools, seriously congested now, the two high grades for the high schools; then the Chambers of Commerce of Monterey and Pacific Grove, aided by Carmel, will work together to have a Peninsula Junior College.

That was the outcome of the meeting of directors of the organizations held last Tuesday night at Pine Inn, with John B. Jordan in the chair, and it came with a unanimity that promises well for carrying the project through. Though there were other important matters on the program for the evening, all were shoved aside in consideration of the college. It was discussed from every side and angle, and its argumentative features were reduced to nil when the plan that all could combine upon was finally laid before them by Clyde A. Dorsey of the Monterey High School faculty.

Committees are being organized today for the purpose of assembling all available data on the subject for presentation to the public, in order that the voters may reach a decision guided by accurate information and Secretary Theodore Grady of the Monterey chamber is obtaining from Superintendent of Public Instruction William John Cooper detailed advice on the proper mode of procedure under the state laws.

That the proposal to establish a junior college on Monterey Peninsula will be submitted to the electorate at the school election a year hence is now regarded as assured. That the voters will act favorably is felt to depend entirely upon the degree to which they inform themselves regarding the essential considerations involved. The desirability of the plan, from every possible viewpoint, is already clearly recognized by those present at last evening's meetings, both in Carmel and Pacific Grove.

The chamber of commerce action was not taken without argument.

At the outset there was manifested a wide divergence of opinion regarding both the junior college proposal and that concerning a combined junior high school district. But the subject was thrashed out from every angle and, in the end, as stated, there was not merely unanimity but actual enthusiasm, so far as the former was concerned.

As to the junior school, however, it was felt that no such emergency exists and any change will be left to the various communities to be worked out for themselves. In this regard, also, the Carmel meeting accurately reflected the prevalent sentiment expressed at the meeting in Pacific Grove.

John B. Jordan, president of the Carmel board of trustees; Dr. Frank Hart, Sheldon Gilmer and W. R. Holman, of Pacific Grove; Jack Beaumont, Allen Griffin and Clyde A. Dorsey of the Monterey union high school faculty, were among the speakers who led the discussion. Others present were: From Monterey, W. T. Lee, W. Crowley, E. McMenamin, Jean Juillard, Dr. Harry Brownell, C. H. Brown, J. P. Pryor, George Nielsen and Theodore Grady, Jr.; from Pacific Grove, Mayor W. G. Gould, A. C. Jochims, J. Way, Ed Simpson, George Curnow and George Sandholdt; from Carmel, Peter Mawdsley.

DEATH CLAIMS MAN FAMOUS IN JAPAN

Word was received here Tuesday evening last that M. J. Shea died at 6:45 that evening at his home in Piedmont, of pneumonia.

Shea had owned a summer home in Carmel at Thirteenth and Camino Real for a number of years, and was here frequently with members of his family. They had many friends in Carmel, who will mourn his passing, and hold deep sympathy for the family in its great loss.

Shea, who was seventy-seven years of age, was for more than fifty years in Japan, having gone to that country in 1871, and built for its government the first paper mill in the country. He was one of the most prominent Americans in the Orient, and had been active in the commercial affairs and an adviser in governmental matters. His home since his return from Japan has been at 123 Hillside avenue, Piedmont, and in Carmel he leaves a wife and two grown children, a son and daughter.

Irish Sagas Told At Forum Session

A most interesting St. Patrick's day program was enthusiastically enjoyed by a large audience, a great many of whom motored over from Pacific Grove and Monterey, last evening at the monthly Forum of the Woman's club in the Pine Inn dining room.

Miss Helen Rosenkrans, director of The Forum, gave the appreciative gathering a warm and gracious welcome and in her charming way made clear to them the object of The Forum by explaining that it is not for the purpose of making money, neither is it exactly confined to educational pursuits.

"For," she said, "Carmel is already sufficiently educated. We are organized simply to provide ample opportunities to express talent and ability so lavishly represented in Carmel."

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter was the entertainer of the evening. Mrs. Porter's work is a revival of the old Bardic story telling. Her stories are weird, pathetic, humorous and gay. Carmel is very fortunate in having Mrs. Porter, as eastern cities, where Art, no matter how perfect, is bitterly criticized, have received her with great applause and her press notices have been of the most complimentary kind.

John B. Jordan is most generously donating the large and spacious dining room of the Pine Inn for The Forum meetings, which, generally speaking, are held on the last Thursday of each month.

Mrs. Porter has made long and loving study of the sources of Irish legends and folklore and has chosen dramatic episodes from this mass of material, which she has put in form to tell, not read. The stories, grave and beautiful as the old Greek myths, are very little known in America. Miss Rosenkrans especially emphasized the fact that the event is not a recitation or reading, but real story-telling.

Following Mrs. Porter's appearance before the New York Civic club, the New York Tribune said:

Mrs. Porter is a troubadour, a real one; or more exactly a troubadour for her themes and her manner are epic. Her tale is stark as the bold black rocks in the sea, as instinct with poetry, and imperishable. She re-tells it entirely in her own clean, strong words, without a single sticky trace of preciousness or sentimentalism. And it's not a jerry-built improvisation of tonight, but the finished product of the loving toil of a lapidarian in words, who has given years to its setting and polishing. When that deep strange voice stops, whose quality you won't forget, you wonder how it is we have permitted an art to lapse that is so satisfying, so elemental and so necessary.

PLANS SUBMITTED

FOR WORLD AFFAIRS

A special business meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club has been called for March 21, at 2:30 in the Pine Inn auditorium for the purpose of considering plans for the Carmel Institute of World Affairs and to pass on the minutes of the last two monthly meetings, the minutes having been deferred in order to allow time for speakers.

Plans for the Institute are well under way by the committee in charge. Mrs. Gale, president of the club, will report on her trip to Stanford, the University of California and San Francisco where she has gone for the purpose of interviewing the men and women who are sponsoring the Institute in their respective cities.

ALL ABOUT AFRICA

An interesting and varied program will be given in the Sunday School room of Carmel Church Wednesday, March 22, at 3 p.m. Those interested in Africa and missionary activities generally are most cordially invited.

DID NOT OPTIMISE

SAYS AUSTIN LEWIS

Editor of the Pine Cone,
Carmel, California.

Dear Sir:

Respecting your report of my speech before the Carmel chapter of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, on March 6th, I should like with your permission to suggest a few corrections.

In the first place, I was a candidate for governor for the Socialist Party, but once, in 1906, which is rather a long time ago.

Next, the speech had no criticisms of the United States government. It was pointed out, that considering the relatively small amount of our invested capital in China, the fact that we had no concessions, other than a share in the government of the Shanghai concession, and our own history, it would be a simple and logical matter for our statesmen to take a line of peace and recognition of the legitimate national aspirations of the Chinese.

In fact, there was nothing controversial about the lecture which was merely informative with respect to Chinese history. The surrender of the Russian concessions by the present Russian government is a matter of history. Any reference to Latin America was merely incidental and simply illustrative of the complications in politics caused by foreign investment.

I am completely at a loss to discover the reason for the evident animus and the consequent distortion of the subject discussed.

Yours very truly,

AUSTIN LEWIS.

March 14th, 1927.

WANTED: HOMES, HOMES.

HOMES FOR PETS

There are two very nice dogs at the Boarding Kennels (Miss Bassett's) who would be grateful for good homes. The first is of the Old English Sheep Dog Persuasion, blue, a male. The second is a female fox-terrier, very cunning and bright. Both are desirable.

There is also a semi-persian cat (neuter male) who would appreciate a good home.

All these animals are pets.
(Advertisement)

FIRE CAUSES SMALL

DAMAGE ON DOLORES

The siren called the alarm for fire last Tuesday night, and the department promptly responded to locate a small blaze, being held in subjection by William F. Torres and a garden hose, in the Paul cottage on North Dolores street. The place is occupied by Mrs. Lettie B. Harvey and her daughter, Miss Gladys Harvey, but neither was at the studio at the time.

Damages were confined to the rear porch, where the fire originated from some unknown cause. Effective work by Chief Robert G. Leidig's crew of fire fighters, using the chemical hose, held the destruction well under a hundred dollars.

ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW

"Drive as fast as you can!" was the astounding order from a highway traffic cop as he flagged Jack Bromer's fleet-wheeled Hudson Monday morning on its way to San Jose. Jumping into the seat beside Jack the cop went on to explain that a few moments before, an acrobatic driver in a Dodge coupe had run him down smashing up his motorcycle and leaving him with a twisted ankle. The road thief vanished down the highway at break-neck speed.

"And believe me, boy, we went fast," said Jack when he told the story. "We caught the fellow at a little town this side of Gilroy," he continued. "The traffic cop wanted me to go on with them and testify but I got out of it on a plea of urgent business."

MOTHER LOVE HAS

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Mrs. Mariam Estle White, who for many years, has been known on the Peninsula as "Mother Love," celebrated her ninety-sixth birthday a few days ago, at her home on Ninth street.

Mrs. White has been a resident of Carmel for twenty-three years and with her daughter, Miss Margaret White, has done much in philanthropic work for the poor who are not on the county's charity list.

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DIVINE WORSHIP

Sunday morning at the Carmel Community Church, Rev. J. M. Terwilliger will preach the second special sermon, being an answer to the question: "Is the world growing better or worse?"

For the junior congregation, Miss Best, a resident of the city of Jerusalem, will exhibit costumes of Palestine.

LOCAL BOY SCOUTS

"GODD TUN"

At the last regular meeting of Carmel Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts, held last Monday evening, it was voted to take charge locally of the National campaign to raise funds to save and restore the U. S. Constitution, known and loved as "Old Ironsides."

The National campaign is based on the idea that there are a sufficient number of patriots in the United States anxious to subscribe twenty-five cents each toward the fund.

It was deemed best to make the fund a volunteer proposition and therefore a supply of coin-mailing cards have been distributed into which a twenty-five cent piece may be inserted, the name and address of the subscriber written and the card forwarded to Admiral Philip Andrews, National chairman of the "Save Old Ironsides" campaign.

Our local Boy Scouts have a supply of these cards and are working among their fellow-patriots. To each subscriber will be sent a reproduction of "Old Ironsides" painted by Gordon Grant, the original of which has been presented to President Calvin Coolidge, and 25 cents is but an insignificant proportion of its value. Pictures of this character are usually retailed at from three to six dollars. It is confidently hoped by the sale of these prints to raise the fund required so that the work may be started immediately.

A Treat for Lovers at Hof Music Sunday

Music lovers of Carmel will have the opportunity of hearing Joan and Jean Holmichak, nationally known child artists, at the Carmel Mission next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

These children, known in the musical world as The Holmichak Sisters have made themselves an enviable reputation throughout the country. Both Joan, violinist, 9 years old; Jeanne, singer, 8 years; are prodigies, artists, each in her own line. Critics in Chicago and in the east have announced them marvelous. Joan is acclaimed the youngest girl violin artist on the concert platform, being considered a genius. The wonderful feature about her playing is the large, beautiful, round tone she draws from her violin, which by the way, is only half size, and a genuine Nicolas over 200 years old. Hearing her without seeing her, one would judge her playing to be that of a matured violinist.

Madame Walton Perkins, opera coach of the Chicago Conservatory, writes, "Little Jeanne, the wee singer of eight years, sings with the drama and pathos of a woman in her thirties." She never fails to make her listeners feel and see what she sings.

The program Sunday will consist of numbers suitable to any adult musicians, including the work of Jeno Hubay, Schubert, Kreisler and Dvorak. The musicale is for the benefit of the Carmel Mission.

RAIN HOLDS BACK

ABALONE SCHEDULE

Due to heavy rain last Sunday, only two games were played on each field in the Abalone League series, on the Point and Hatton Fields.

In the Main Line series, the Rangers won over Jess Nichols' Hawks, 31 to 2. The second game of the afternoon at the Point was the thriller of the day; the Pirates managed a close score over George Ball's Tigers by a 9 to 8 score.

At Hatton Fields the Eskimos, captained by Charlie Frost, won from Jo Mora's husky Cowboys, 25 to 5. It was evident that the Cowboys had forgotten their "hobby-horses."

Don Hale's White Sox won from By Ford's Shamrocks, by a score of 10 to 5. This is the third consecutive game the "lately lucky" Sox have won.

March 20
The Point
1:00—Sharks-Rangers.
2:15—Reds-Pirates.
3:30—Giants-Tigers.
Hatton Fields
1:00—Hawks-Crescents.
2:15—Cowboys-White Sox.
3:30—Shamrocks-Eskimos.

March 27
The Point
1:00—Rangers-Crescents.
2:15—Tigers-Reds.
3:30—Pirates-Giants.
Hatton Fields
1:00—Sharks-Hawks.
2:15—Shamrocks-Cowboys.
3:30—White Sox-Eskimos.

April 3
The Point
1:00—Crescents-Sharks.
2:15—Giants-Reds.
3:30—Tigers-Pirates.
Hatton Fields
1:00—Rangers-Hawks.
2:15—Eskimos-Cowboys.
3:30—Shamrocks-White Sox.

Play-off games for championships on following Sundays.

In case of postponement schedule is set back a week, games being played in scheduled rotation.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Witherbee extend their sincere thanks to all the friends who, in any way, aided in the search for Mrs. Witherbee Thursday evening. The kindly, generous Carmel spirit is much appreciated.

(Advertisement)

MONROE DOCTRINE

SUBJECT OF MEETING

The Monroe Doctrine was the topic of discussion at the meeting, Wednesday afternoon, of the International Relations Group of the Carmel Woman's club at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare.

Two excellently prepared papers on the subject were handled by members of the club. Mrs. C. M. Offly offered a very graphic interpretation of the policy in her paper "The Text and Inception of the Doctrine." In the absence of Mrs. Offly, Mrs. Dennis read the article the nucleus of which was the idea that "The real basis of the Monroe Doctrine was, and is, the well-settled conviction that the American continent henceforth was to be possessed by Americans only; that is by its native inhabitants, the Spanish, Portuguese and Anglo-Americans, who had settled on its soil, and made it their home."

Following Mrs. Offly's paper Mrs. S. S. Davis read a concise and excellently prepared article on "The Practical Application of the Doctrine."

A general discussion followed in which the members gave interesting versions of the birth and application of this world famed policy.

Mrs. Ida Mansfield Wilson was called upon, by the chairman, to read a most stirring article on the doctrine from one of the "Little Blue Book Series."

In concluding the meeting, Mrs. Charles Lowell, chairman of the club, asked that a vote be taken on the continuance of the discussion, and suggested that either General Schuyler or Captain W. L. Tower, both well versed on foreign relations, be asked to speak before the club on the practical application of the Monroe Doctrine, on April 5. The motion was made, seconded and passed and the meeting, not too generously attended, was adjourned.

BOY SCOUT NEWS

A Court of Honor was held in Pacific Grove, at the grammar school auditorium, on Thursday evening, March 10th. Scouts from the whole peninsula were present to receive badges awarded them. The Carmel troop went over in a body. Carmel Scouts receiving badges were:

Tenderfoot, George Dorwart.
Second Class: Alexander Spoehr, Scott Douglas, John Rockwell, Cedric Bountree, William Argo, Eugene Rhoehling, Hershel McPhillips, Stanley Bishop, Paul Taylor, Bain Reamer, Charles Grimshaw, Martin Leidig, Jack Kellogg, Ambrose Love, John Campbell, Robert Cone.

At the last meeting of the troop it went on a short moonlight hike.

WITH GENERAL CUSTER AT THE MANZANITA THEATRE

There's a thrill for girls and boys for grown-up boys and grown-up girls if they'll step just around the corner from their home, Wednesday, March 23, and travel, on the silver-sheet, with General Custer into his last immortal fight.

Intrigue, heroic battles, Indian attacks and havoc are tempered by the glories of staunch friendship and romantic love in this rousing story "With General Custer at the Little Big Horn," in which Helen

Lynch, who has appeared in many big productions, is starring. The masculine lead of "Tom Hawks," a carefree, dashing soldier-of-fortune, is handled in masterly fashion by Roy Stewart, who played opposite Mary Pickford in "Sparrows."

Let the Manzanita Theatre sweep you off your feet with excitement in this whirlwind drama. And if you're in need of a laugh there's humor in it too.

ANOTHER TRACT ON

DEL MONTE LAND

The new subdivision of the Del Monte Properties Co., above the Carmel Woods and adjacent to the Abalone Ball Park, promises to be one of the most beautiful and artistically laid out tracts in the community. Set in a forest of pines and wild brush it offers an inspiring view of colorful Carmel Bay and still farther beyond the rugged rocks of Point Lobos.

Road work and clearing are well under way and lot are being generously divided into sites of not less than 80 by 100 ft., this being equivalent to two ordinary city lots.

Around the first of May the Del Monte Properties will have five or more artistic homes ready for inspection and sale, the building and architecture of which will meet with the very highest requirements of the most exclusive residence districts.

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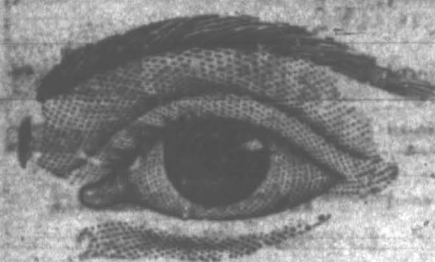
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As a woman, the same instinct leads her on a shopping tour.

Ladies' wear, which is a fascinating game, contains "inside details" which are supremely interesting to most women.

And, believing that most women of Carmel would be interested in the inside details of our business, we have decided to talk about them, informally, in the newspapers.

The first of a series of letters between "Cynthia and Peggy" will tell the stories about

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MISS PHOTOPLAYER PIPES UP

"And I Don't Mean Maybe," means Miss Photo-player, the official organ at the Manzanita Theater.

Her feelings are hurt.

"Here I've been playing the pictures in Carmel all these years," she complains, "and I've never been written up in the papers yet and although I have got myself talked about, people don't rave about me the way they're going on about this Miss Clavi Lux who just played here at the Theater of the Golden Bough. She spread the color, they tell me but never piped a sound, and she gets away with it. I wasn't there but say, that makes me see red! Why, from what I hear she hasn't even got a tremelo. And it seems she has to depend on a musician to put her act over. Now I'm not that kind of an organ; I know my pictures. Nobody tells me what to do. They keep their hands off while I make a ship sink to 'Hearts and Flowers' or make the heroine sicken and die to the tune of 'Yes Sir, That's My Baby.' I may be short on color but I certainly am not tongue-tied!

"According to reports, this Clavi Lux person is some rainbow! As far as that goes, I can throw an occasional blue note myself and if my present plans work out some of these days I'll put on a color picture that'll make her turn green with envy if I turn black and blue doing it. Clavi Lux may have the color, the form and the motion as she advertises but where are the pictures? They do say though, she put over her stuff so well that a sensitive audience got all worked up and could hardly stand the grand finale. Humpf! When I get going good ain't I seen 'em so hot up over my non-stop performance they puts their hands over their ears and prays I'll spring a short circuit or something?

"Well, I can thank my movie stars, Miss Lux is transient for, if she hung around here she wouldn't have any more use for me than she would have for a bass drum. But I am real sorry I couldn't get away to hear for, if she is beautiful but dumb, I ain't so color-blind but what I can see she knows her stuff. "Anyway," concludes Miss Photo-player, I intend to go right on giving the public all I got. And I ain't suffering from no inferiority complex either."

BE KIND TO DUMB-BELLS

In a London market there has recently been placed for sale "a bowl to keep the ears of long-eared dogs from trailing while drinking," and a device "to prevent cats from wetting their whiskers in milk."

Perhaps Carmel, whose population boasts of some hundred or more four-legged residents, might add its quota of original ideas for the betterment of English Bull dogs by suggesting—

Wire curlers for straight tails—Jaw braces for mandible protrusions. And might even go so far as to throw in an extra suggestion for goldfish, advising a glass bowl fitted with perches so that the little fish can sit down occasionally and rest. Or, perhaps, the more useful contrivance of chili-proof pants to keep coveys from catching cold when sitting on wet grass.

However, be that as it may, there

is no doubt that Carmel's animal population would be the last to accept such restrictive devices. They're a vagabond class. They love their gypsy freedom. May heaven bless—and banish some of them—the rogues!

A NIGHT ALARM

Here's a yarn that has a great line behind it, and it's no fable either.

It was "three o'clock in the morning" when two of our lone-maiden dwellers were awakened, in their little cabin up in the pine forest, by heavy, lumbering joits against the house.

"It's an earthquake," shivered one, as the walls heaved and the dishes rattled.

"It must be an elephant," chattered the other, as the entire building side-stepped from its foundation.

Listening in breathless suspense for a few more century measured minutes the two lone-maidens found courage in the silence that ensued and tip-toeing to the door opened it stealthily.

Peering into the moonlit night they saw a mammoth object appar-

ently taking inventory of the display of "personals" on the family clothesline.

"Why, it's only a COW!" exclaimed the braver of the two, heaving the nearest weapon at the intruder. Then followed an attack of block wood, rocks, curling irons and "antique" chairs but the browsing bovine heeding not the fusillade, betook herself of a dainty morsel from the clothesline.

"She's eating my—my stockings!" cried one of the maidens.

"They're only cotton, she's dropped them," laughed the other.

It was not until the maidens resorted to the use of milk bottles as weapons that Lady Cow bethought herself of approaching dawn and its "dairy duties."

"She's going!" joyously cried the maidens.

"OHHhh!" screamed one, "My HOSE—my new hose—she's taking them with her—she's eating them!" And it wasn't the garden variety either—but the silk accessory every-woman-shows!

Which goes to explain that—originality of appetite is not solely confined to the human ego—at least NOT in Carmel.

Me and Mencken

By Peggy Palmer

March 14.—Well a lot of things have been happening in Carmel lately, for instance just the other night a man got a gun and fired three cartridges at another man because one of these men had a wife or something.

And Mr. Seideneck, that's an artist here in Carmel, was arrested because he cut down a few really dead pine trees without getting permission from the city trustees. And I think Mr. Seideneck was actually doing him some good because these pine trees had worms anyway and maybe intended to fall down on somebody when they were not expecting them to fall down at all.

Then somebody got a permit and raded Jack Flynn's house and fownd a lot of bottles in the bottom of the clothes basket, and it seems these bottles were full of some illisit beverage. So now they think he and Barry Parker are bootleggers which this is actually ridiculous because Barry has the nicest face and he comes from a family of really famous dentists. And I don't see how people can say a boy is a bootlegger just because he has got a mustash and some illisit beverage in the bottom of his clothes basket. Probly the lawndry man hid it there for a joak or something.

Anyway I actually believe it is the duty of a really intelligent girl to defend innocent people, so the next time the city trustees have a meeting I am going to tell them how I think they are positively all wet about pine trees and bootleggers.

Mar. 16.—Well every time my father goes to San Francisco he comes home with a horse or an anteeck. For instance the last time he was not doing very well in the hoiesale grocery business so he came home with an anteeck shaving mug that some quite famous general used during the battil of Bull Run. But

Pearl thought it was a new kind of measurung cup so she powred boiling water inside of it and of coarse it broke immediatly.

So yesterday afternoon I was sitting out in the porch swing reading a really critickal essay by Mr. Mencken, when my father came home from San Francisco with a package under his arm. And while I knew it actually couldn't be a horse I was quite curious about whot was in the package.

And just then my mother came out on the porch saying Well, Walter, it looks to me like you have been to another awction.

Yes, sed my father beeming, and I picked up a really rare treasure. My werd, sed my mother, I thought I told you never to bring another peece of junk in this house.

Then my father looked quite hurt so I sed, that's alright papa, I apreshiate anteecks anyway. Go on an open it. Which he did and it turned out to be a little silver shovel with a roof over it.

For goodness sakes, Walter, sed my mother, whot is that quaim looking thing? It certainly isnt an object of beauty by any means.

Well, Frances, sed my father, I should think you would recognize an anteeck selery fork when you see one. This is the very fork Napoleon used to pass Josephine a peece of selery on.

Whot a silly extravaganse, sed my mother, you dont suppose we can ever use that thing do you?

Use it? Sed my father. Of coarse we can use it. Didnt I hear you say we are having a party tonight?

Its not exactly a party, sed my mother, I just invited some people in to dinner—the Frasers and Daisy Bostick and Elene and Halsted Yates.

Then my father went over and kissed my mother and he sed, Fran-

ces deer, I gess you will realize tonight how an anteeck selery fork should really be part of every perfect dinner party. I gess after tonight you will not even consider having a party without it.

So tonight while we were eeting dinner Pearl brought in the selery and passed it to Mrs. Yates but Mrs. Yates stared at my father's anteeck selery fork for a minit and then she sed she did not beleieve she cared for any. So Pearl passed it to Mrs. Bostick but she sed selery was one vegetable she really did not care for. So when all of our gests got thru refusing a peece of selery my father sed, ha, ha, thats a good joak. Bring it over here Pearl and I shall give a demonstration.—I shall show you how Napoleon used to pass a peece of selery to Josephine.

Then our gests looked interested and my mother looked anoyed and Pearl began to gigle because no matter how hard my father struggled with the anteeck selery fork he could not really seem to capshure a peece of selery and finly it all roled off the plate onto the floor. Then everybody thought that was a huge joak and my father sed he would take lessons and show them next time.

After dinner my mother and my father began to play a game of brige with our gests but I declined to play because when a girl gets to be my age brige seems to be akctuly trivial compared to the really vittel things of life like Mr. Mencken.

So I went out in the kitchen and gave Pearl fifty cents if she would go in the parlor and pass the anteeck selery around again, which she did. And I thought it best to stay overnight with Joan Stafford.

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There Was the Days

True, Nearly True, & Otherwise Tales of Carmel

IV.

Next morning, with the sun slanting across the room, we had a charming impression of the Sterling chicken coop. As we dressed for breakfast, I said to my wife,

"Now you see how wrong your intuition is. The chicken coop is a decidedly pleasant room, yet I fairly had to drag you here by the hair."

"Drag your grandmother," she answered, which in those days was equivalent to "So's your old man." She added, "You were as afraid of the place as I was, and why they should call it a chicken coop, I don't know."

"Poetic license," I suggested, to get a sniff or snort from her.

At breakfast we asked that question of Carrie Sterling and found out that the delightful little room had in fact been occupied by Plymouth Rocks in its earlier days, only becoming a guest room after the demise and devouring of the original tenants, and a complete renovation of its interior. I was glad for the last assurance.

There was to be a picnic at Point Lobos, it seemed, and we were supposed to postpone beginning our home building until the next day. It suited me, but Bertha had a fixed idea that we should get a roof over our heads before starting a picnicking career. I was sent on a hunt for the lost tent-rod, while she with the white horse and buggy, moved the bags and suitcase down to the lot.

In fact, the corner stone of what is now known as the "Haven of Rest"—a name that we would never have given any place—was laid that afternoon by Handy and me, with my wife's verbal assistance. I had borrowed Handy, whose name had been given him because of efficiency in many lines, from Devendorf of the real estate company. Handy was a Chinese, and probably the ablest male in Carmel at that time, being carpenter, mason, gardener, road builder, forester, chimney cleaner, roofer, blacksmith, and whatever.

I had drawn the plans for this structure on the basis of an investment of two hundred and fifty dollars, of which thirty dollars had to go for its outer shell—sides and roof—of shakes. These shakes had been split out of redwood bolts by Harry Lafler at his claim beyond the Big Sur, and would be hauled into Carmel in Pfeiffer's wagon, costing me, on the lot, three dollars a thousand.

The timbers of the foundation, with sills, joists, plates and rafters, I bought cheap at Warren's yard because he was quitting the lumber business, and moving the stock back over the hill. The entire bill for lumber in our house was well under a hundred dollars. Redwood that today would cost \$80 a thousand, was \$13 then.

Somehow I managed to get the foundation of the house upon the lot we had bought; how, I don't know to this day. With so much vacant land about us, it really didn't seem to matter, but years later, when it did matter, we discovered that the north front corner of the house was two feet inside our line, and the north back end was five feet from it. Slightly askew. But, as I say, we lived in the house several years without ever knowing it was askew, and it lived just as pleasantly.

My toolchest hadn't a level or a square in it in those days—nor a plumbline. I had built myself houses before, up in the Cascade mountains, and hadn't needed squares, plumbs or levels. The first of these cabins was on the mountainous shore of Okanogan lake, and one day my wife accidentally tipped over a pail of water in the kitchen. That little flood went cascading down the floor and out of the front door like a spring freshet in a mountain stream. It showed us for the first time that our floor was widely off level, but also proved how convenient it was to have it so.

I am not going farther into detail of how this house on Carmel avenue was built by my wife and

Handy and me. It is still standing, and gets sold every now and then at ever mounting prices. If it isn't plumb and level, it is evidently strong enough; we didn't begrudge nails and spikes, and they gave us good solid lumber in those days.

While building, my wife and I camped out under the pine. We cooked over a campfire in the front yard. We got up at dawn, and went to work right after breakfast. Handy came at seven, and worked until six. We paid him three dollars a day—and there wasn't a Union anywhere about Carmel to object.

One morning a fortnight or so after we had started building, we found upon awakening that a kitten had taken lodgings in our blankets with us. It was a friendly bit of fluff, and as we had kept away from entangling alliances with any of Carmel's human inhabitants, fearing picnic temptations, the kitten was welcomed heartily. Before the day was over, it had been adopted into the family, and was up on the roof helping me put on shakes.

Late that afternoon we heard a girl's voice off to the south calling, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" but pretended we didn't hear. That night we named the cat "Masky," because of a black patch of fur across its face. It slept under the blankets, and I woke several times to be sure it was still there.

There was some "Kitty, kitty" calling next morning from the direction of the Cooke house, but I hammered harder, determined not to hear anything myself or allow Masky to be lured away by a siren voice. The kitten would follow me around, climb where I climbed, and perch beside me while I sawed or nailed. A mighty friendly beastie, and cute as a wink. Even Handy liked it.

In the afternoon, Bertha went with Handy in the Devendorf wagon drawn by Charlie, down to the beach to pick out rock for the fireplace. In those days, fireplaces were constructed from sea rock, green, gray, brown and red in color, taken from the points that jut into the bay, when uncovered of the water at low tide. I was left to finish putting shakes on the roof.

"Hello, you." The voice came from the base of the ladder, turning me quickly around. "Have you seen anything of a black and white kitty?" It was the yellow haired little girl I had talked with at the beach picnic.

"Why—a kitty, you mean?" I was stammering. Masky, for the moment, was not in sight. I took a chance. "A black and white kitty? You don't think a black and white kitty would come here, do you?"

"One might," she said gravely. "This kitty might. This kitty is very affectionate, and likes men."

"Isn't that too bad," I evaded. "And you have lost it?"

"Yes. Day before yesterday, and I have hunted everywhere. I thought it might have come over here, but Mamma said that I wasn't to visit you campers."

"Campers?" indignantly. I came down the ladder. "We're building a house here just as fast as we can, and—"

"Is it a house? Aunt Alice said it was a shack, and Mamma said that Carmel was getting to be an awful shanty-town."

I knew that I shouldn't argue matters of art with this child, but she had hurt my pride; so I sat down on a sawhorse beside her, plans and drawings in hand, and explained fully my finished production. She agreed that the living-room, with a gallery at one end,

where one could play that it was a theatre, would be delightful, and I was gradually winning her over to complete approval of the structure, when she said abruptly,

"Why—that's Diana!"

"Who is?" I began, then I saw that my kitten had started down from the roof by way of a two-by-four that was leaning against it. "That," I went on, "is Masky."

"That is Diana, my lost kitty."

"Impossible. That kitty is not of the Diana sex, but is named Masky. How could a Thomas-kitty be your Diana?"

"But it is. Come here, Diana. Come, kitty, kitty, kitty!" She approached the bit of fluff, hand outstretched, coaxingly. I sat appalled by approaching calamity. Then the kitten made a dash past her, and jumping on the sawhorse, came to my shoulder. I patted it, saying to the girl,

"Is that proof enough that Masky is a Thomas-kitten and my own?"

"No." She stamped her foot. "It only proves that you've been feeding Diana all she can glut. But if she

prefers you to me, you can have her. Goodbye." She turned a slimly indignant back on Masky and me, and walked away. After a struggle with my worse self, I called,

"Wait a minute." She flounced on. "Hold on, please!" I shouted. "She's your kitten. He is Diana. I'll bring it to you."

"I won't have him," she shouted over a shoulder. "I don't ever want to see him again. Her or you."

CARMEL BUSINESS

PROPERTY IN DEAL
Miss Janet Prentiss of the Cindarella Shop has purchased the property on Ocean avenue occupied by the Carmel Investment Co. and Cabbages and Kings. The price is said to have been close to \$15,000. Both the store and real estate office have term leases on their premises, so there will be no change of occupancy for the time.

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Village News Reel

The case of the City of Carmel, plaintiff, against Miss Alice K. Cummins, defendant, to quiet title to the southerly termination of Junipero street, was heard in Superior Court, Salinas, yesterday and at its conclusion the attorneys, Argyle Campbell for the city and H. G. Jorgensen for Miss Cummins, were ordered to prepare briefs.

The case arises from the filing of a map of Carmel by the Carmel Development company. The map shows the area at the end of Junipero street held by Miss Cummins as a public street. The company later withdrew the dedication of the street and sold the property to Miss Cummins.

It is the object of the city, in bringing the suit, to determine whether or not this action of the development company was legal. It was done under a clause on the original map which specified that all title in the streets was to be retained by the company.

Word has been received from Moscow that Mr. and Mrs. Vasil Anikeef are the parents of a small son, recently born there. Vasil was a former resident of Carmel. Since leaving, he has been studying voice in Germany and Italy. He expects to return to America in the near future.

Mrs. Florence M. Geldert, part-time resident of Carmel, dropped in for a day or so on her way to Los Angeles this week.

Ray C. DeYoe went to the city on business Wednesday. It will be a hurry-up trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ferris and small son, who have spent the winter here, are leaving for New York this week. Mr. Edwin Lapham, son-in-law of Mrs. S. B. Hunkins, and father of Mrs. Ferris will also join the party. Mr. Lapham has been making his home here in Carmel for the past few months.

Fred G. Andrews, with his sister, Mrs. Marie Nelson Lee, from Hollywood, are visiting in Carmel with the Guy O. Koepf's. Mrs. Lee being Mrs. Koepf's mother. After a few days, they will join Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews, who is on a lecture tour in the San Joaquin valley.

Col. D. H. Sillman, retired, and his wife have taken the Kofor cottage for a month or more. North and Casanova streets. They are recently from New York, via Panama, making the colonel's first visit to the Monterey Peninsula since 1903, when he was stationed at the Persadio with the 15th Infantry.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Decker, who have been prominent socially in Carmel during their extended stay here, left for their home in Rochester, New York, last Wednesday. They promise to return in the fall.

Word has been received from Jack Jordah, who has been away for several weeks on an extended eastern tour, that he will leave New York City this week for Boston, after a short time there, on to Niagara Falls, later to Chicago, and will arrive in Carmel around the first of April.

The Romaine Hunkins, who built the Hunkeydory cottage on Junipero and Eighth, have sold it and are returning to Fresno, their home. They contemplate building in Carmel again.

Miss Henrietta Parley arrived home today from Miss Barker's school to spend a week's vacation with her parents.

Mrs. Margaret Rockwell returned to Carmel Wednesday after driving her parents to the city.

Mr. E. G. Thomas of Glendale has

taken one of the Smart apartments for a month. Mrs. Thomas will join him next week.

Miss Fay Murphy has arrived from Oregon for a visit with her parents. Miss Murphy is a student at the Agricultural College in Oregon.

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan returned to Carmel Tuesday night from San Francisco where she has been visiting for some time.

Miss Edna McDuffie of Berkeley is in the McDuffie cottage on Scenic Drive for several days.

Miss Helen Judson has returned from Berkeley where she has been taking part in the plays produced at the Berkeley Playhouse. She will visit with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Chapel Judson at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. B. F. Mages and her two daughters, Marion and Mrs. Rosewell Hul were in San Francisco over the week end on a pleasure and shopping trip.

The Carmel girls' bridge club was held at the home of Margaret Reynolds last Friday evening. The eight players were: Margaret Reynolds, Muriel Watson, Caryl Jones, Jane Lawler, Pauline Meeks, Lois Love, Kathryn Tenny and Reynolds Rockwell who substituted for an absent member of the club. After bridge, refreshments were served, and Mr. Reynolds took the girls home in his car.

Jim McGiffin, traveling secretary of the Epworth League, will meet with the young people of Carmel, Friday evening at the Community Church, promptly at 7:30. This will be a party, and all are invited. Mr. McGiffin will introduce the latest features of recreation, and explain the work of the League.

A fire that started from an unknown cause on the back porch of the Paul cottage, North Dolores street, did a small amount of damage last night having been put out by chemicals when the fire truck arrived. The cottage was occupied as a studio by Mrs. Lettie B. Harvey and her daughter, Gladys, but neither was there at the time of the fire.

The damage is entirely to the house, and will be well under \$100. Marshal Englund and Fire Chief Robert G. Leidig are investigating its cause.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Steward are motoring from Medford, Oregon, where they are engaged in conducting a very fashionable ladies' wear shop, for a weeks visit to Carmel.

Allen Knight, a shipping broker of San Francisco, is here, a guest of his aunt, Miss Alys Miller, Monte Verde and Seventh streets. Knight is planning to build here in the near future.

Carmel's volunteer fire department took a big part in the search for Mrs. J. A. Witherbee last Thursday evening. When the marshal was called upon to organize a search party, he went at once to the firehouse where he found a group of members of the department. They at once sent out word to others, and took up the hunt themselves. Too much credit cannot be given Carmel's fire department for its prompt and efficient action.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Davidson Miller motored to Los Angeles last week for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Tack Knight, wife of the well known cartoonist who is associated with Gene Byrnes, left for San Francisco Monday where she will remain for a few days' visit with her sister-in-law.

Miss Hermione Beattie of Santa Clara, Miss Constance Rattacott of San Francisco and George Schaffer of Stanford University are house guests for a few days of Miss Mary Flanders at her home on Camino Real and Seventh.

Mrs. Earl Moore of Oakland, formerly Margaret Pearson, who has been spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Nixon, will leave for home on Sunday.

Conrad Imelman, local merchant, is spending two weeks in San Francisco and Los Angeles, visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Leslie and small son are now located in Santa Rosa, where Mr. Leslie, formerly partner of Campbell's grocery store, has accepted a position with the Chevrolet Motors company at that place.

Garnet Holme, pageant director of the U. S. National forests, well known to Carmel theatre goers and producers, is directing the cast for California's historic pageant-play, "Ramona." With his usual thoroughness and finesse, Holme has done much research work to see that the costumes, customs and times are correctly portrayed.

Miss Patty Mora, a piano pupil of David Alberto, will give a recital Friday evening, March 25, in the Sunset school auditorium, for the benefit of school piano fund. The affair will be under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers' association.

Mrs. Herman Bremer was hostess of honor, last Thursday evening at an impromptu birthday surprise arranged by Mr. Bremer and their son Jack. Guests at the Bremer home, on Fourth near Santa Fe, were Mr. and Mrs. Holman Day and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berkey.

The Board of Directors of the Carmel Woman's Club announce the appointment of Mrs. Charles H. Lowell and Mrs. Louise Walcott as directors of the club. They are to fill places created by the club at the February meeting and will serve a single term which expires October 1, 1927.

Miss Margaret Tickle was hostess at a delightful dance at the Highlands Inn Saturday night, when she entertained in honor of her house guests from Mills College. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake, candy and punch were served during the evening. Those to enjoy the evening with the Mills College girls were Misses Margaret Tickle, Jean Shaw, Elizabeth Reavis, Effie Sprague, Messrs. Harold Laughery, Carl Cope, Ferdinand Bambauer, Don Nelson, Fred Grant.

Mrs. Sara Deming, president of the Arts and Crafts, is visiting Mrs. Manly Clark at her home in Livermore for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Hill motored to Los Angeles, the first of the week, for a few days' visit with Mr. Hill's mother who is a resident of the southern city.

Miss Georgia Bartlett Koepf, who has been attending Ferry Hall, a private girl's school at Lake Forest, Ill., is making an extended visit with Miss W. Bartlett Koepf and Miss Sarah Lee Nelson at the home, "Umpona," in the eighty acres.

Miss Alice P. Stone, Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Mildred C. Stone, Chicago, Ill., are guests at Pine Inn. They are interested in visiting a cottage in Carmel for an extended stay.

Mrs. Richard Lathrop, Jr. of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Mrs. E. M. Lathrop, Brooklyn, N. Y., are guests at Pine Inn for the week ending March 25.

Mrs. Frank P. Adams, Mrs. Edson Adams and Miss Emilie F. Adams, well known residents of Piedmont, occupied one of the Pine Inn cottages over the week end.

Mrs. Elliot Durham motored to San Francisco Monday for a week's visit.

Mrs. May Crawford, former proprietor of the Blue Bird Tea Room, and who is now residing in San Jose, has taken a cottage on Lincoln near Fourth for a week's visit. Upon visiting the Blue Bird Tea Room Mrs. Crawford congratulated her successor Mrs. M. C. Samson on the excellency of her table and service.

Reginald Travers, of the Players Guild, San Francisco, and Mr. William S. Reiney spent last week end at Pine Inn.

Mrs. Tobin Clark who has recently become part owner of the Robert Louis Stevenson house in Monterey, opened her villa at Pebble Beach for the week end having as guests: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Van Antwerp and Miss Helen Chesebrough.

Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent is also among those who opened their Pebble Beach homes for the polo season, inviting as house guests Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, and Miss Josephine Grant.

About fifty Masons, including brother Masons from Monterey, filled the club rooms last Tuesday evening to its full capacity. The program for the evening was most interesting. A talk by Dr. Herman A. Spoehr of the local Carnegie Institution on

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"Scientific Research" was given, after which tales and stories were told by the following invited guests: Prof. Preston W. Search, Rev. Austin B. Chinn, Mr. S. W. Smit and Dr. H. W. Fenner. Mr. P. O. Robbins gave two songs, words of which were written by the singer. The evening closed with a banquet.

The third of a series of dances at Sunset grammar school in Carmel was given last Saturday evening. A number of Monterey and Pacific Grove young people attended. These dances are given by the P. T. A. of Carmel in view of furnishing wholesome amusement for the Peninsula young people and they have so far been successful. The next dance will be given two weeks from last Saturday.

Mrs. A. G. Burnett was the hostess recently, at a very delightful "tea" given at her cottage "The Fairy Lantern." The guests who enjoyed the afternoon were, Miss Womsey, Miss Pauline Pearson, Mrs. Florence Thornton, Mrs. L. D. Whiffin, Mrs. G. G. McLeish, and Mrs. F. Bigland.

Florence Thornton has returned from a week end trip to San Francisco, after seeing some friends off to South America. They sailed on the S. S. Finland.

Mrs. Wilson Silsby from Los Angeles is the guest of Mrs. G. H. Johnston at the latter's home on North Carmelo for a few days.

Miss Elizabeth Chandler, former resident and owner in Carmel, will occupy the Clark cottage on Ninth and Carmelo, during the absence of the Clark family in Dallas, Texas.

Miss Geneva Christmas spent last week end with her family in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lyon have returned to their home in San Jose after a week in the Honeysuckle cottage on Seventh and San Antonio having as their guests Mrs. William Simpson and Mrs. Walter Merchant of San Jose.

Mrs. Charles E. Benedict has returned to Carmel after visiting her son, Courtney, in Chicago, and is occupying the Benedict cottage on

Scenic Drive.

The Misses Marion Crocker and Helen Heavey, who motored out from Colorado last week, have taken the Fox cottage at Highlands for several months.

Charles H. Van Riper left last Saturday for a month's business trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin James are back again in Carmel after a honeymoon in the southland. They will make their home in Carmel unless the attractions of La Jolla prove too strong.

Charles Mc A. Purdy, novelist, is at Far Away Ranch, Arizona, getting strong again from his recent breakdown here. A letter from him says that he is anxious to return to his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart F. Glasell left Saturday on their way to Europe where they will travel for several months, a combined business and pleasure trip. Cabbages and Kings is to be shut up during the time of their voyaging.

Mrs. Cyrus Colman of Stanford University was here the week end, a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Herman A. Spoehr.

Mrs. Jeffers of Mt. Hamilton Observatory is visiting her brother-in-law, Robinson Jeffers, the poet at the Jeffers' place on the Point.

Lowell Hardy, of Blythe-Witter bond house of San Francisco, and Mrs. Hardy are in their summer cottage, Camino Real and Twelfth streets, for a few days.

A group of young women, the Misses Elizabeth Mendell, Ruth Malloy, Marda Leppo, and Rosemary Hardy are visiting Carmel this week, having taken a cottage here.

Reginald Travers, director of the San Francisco Theatre Guild, was a week end visitor here, arranging for the Guild's appearance at the Golden Bough.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Voigt of San Jose were the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnston at their home on Carmelo street in

Carmel. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston are planning a motor trip to Southern California in the near future where they will visit their son, Frank Johnston and Mrs. Johnston at Pomona.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Douglass of Carmel was hostess at a delightful dancing party Friday evening. Her guests were Misses Mary Wheldon, Phyllis Phelps, Helen White, Jean McCarthy, Messrs. Maurice Stoney, James Hopper, Gordon Campbell, Jack McKay, William Lewis. Miss Phyllis Phelps was the house guest of Miss Douglass, having gone over Friday evening on the high school bus.

Mrs. Charles Berkeley left Carmel the first part of the week for San Francisco where she will join her mother, Mrs. Moylan Fox, and later accompany her on a trip to Salt Lake City.

Louis Levenson, proprietor of the Carmel Garage, is confined to his home with a bad case of the mumps.

Evan Wild, University of Stanford student, is expected in Carmel this week end. He will remain with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morris McK Wild, at their home on Monte Verde and Fourth, during the spring vacation.

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

By Josephine Dibrell

Miss Geneva Christmas is teaching her class about Holland, and while they are learning they're acting and dressing like real Hollanders, with wooden shoes, and linen caps.

Several pupils were absent on account of the rainy weather during the past two weeks.

Wesley Miller, who is in the second grade, has moved to Palm Springs. He will be missed by the younger children.

Miss White and Miss Thornton, each lost a pupil last week—Barion and Bruce Oster. They have moved to San Jose.

Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, Mary Ingalls gave a very fine program consisting of three numbers: Papillon, Schumann; Etude, Cho-

pin; Waltz, Mary Ingalls.

Wednesday Mrs. Spoehr gave the divas classes of the Seventh and Eighth grades, a very interesting talk on Congress and Washington, D. C.

Thursday, Miss Andrews took the Eighth grade girls down to Eleventh and Casanova to paint pictures of Miss Durham's garden. They turned out very well.

Gretchen Schoeninger is out of school with a very severe case of poison oak. The pupils hope she will be back in school soon.

Miss Andrews, the teacher of manual training and art, gave a tea in honor of Miss Huntington, who has just returned from Europe. Miss Huntington was a school trustee last year. The guests were Miss Huntington, Mrs. Andrews, Miss Powers, Mrs. Thornton, Miss Newman, Miss White, Miss Christmas and Miss Askew.

Friday morning at 9 o'clock, the pupils of Sunset school gave a "Grieg" program. Nadine Fox told a little about the life of Edward Grieg. Then a music program followed:

1. Sunset—Sixth Grade.
2. Sea Song—Seventh and Eighth Grade Boys.
3. Dohin Goodnight Song—Fourth and Fifth Grade.
4. First Primrose—Fourth and Fifth Grade.
5. Farmyard Song—Second and Third Grade.
6. Song of the Mountains—Seventh and Eighth Grade Boys.
7. The Swan—Seventh and Eighth Grade Girls.
8. Morning Song—Seventh and Eighth Grade Girls.
9. Dance of the Elves—Sixth Grade.
10. O Mighty Land—Sung by Assembly.

Friday afternoon at 3:45 the eighth grade boys challenged the seventh grade boys to a game of basketball. The score being 13 to 12 in favor of the eighth grade.

Miss Powers went over to Salinas to attend the principal's meeting Saturday.

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SO THEY WERE WED

What's in a name? That they were married it is safe to believe for they appeared before City Marshal Gus England and City Clerk Sadie Van Brewer on a recent afternoon exclaiming vehemently:

"We want to be married. And what's more we want to be married in Carmel!"

Appraising the two pretty girls—on yes, there were two dashing damsels and the necessary groom—with his official grin, Gus informed them that Justice Fraser was not within halting distance in which case they would have to call upon a minister to perform the ceremony. It seemed that the clergy's knot was not strong enough for these initiate Benedectines, for they left the Marshall's office sorely dejected, leaving neither their names, their destination or their resolutions to be marked down in the marital history of Carmel.

Yes, that they were married is certain, but how, when and where we do not know.

ON YOUR WAY

The only stomach worth having is the one that never lets you know it is on the premises. At least so said one of the wise men of yesterday and today we suggest Gus, Friday

wandering haystack-dwelling males up the Carmel hill and out of the hayless village. Of course the old philosopher was quoted in Gus' own imperious way—something like this:

"No begging around here. We don't want any food mongers cluttering up our back porches. You'd better take to the hill and clear out of here QUICK!"

And so saying he "ush'd" the pie and coffee, bean and left-overs anticipating participant to the city limits. Beholding from his "Black Beauty" now and then to whisper an admonishing word to the trespasser.

It goes without saying that Gus "knows his onions" and milk bottles and savory kitchen windows and is on the scent to protect the busy housewife from intrusion with just as much ardor as he is wont to display in seeing that the gentlemen autoists show discretion in giving the ladies all the road. But THAT is another story.

NEEDED, THE BIBLE

All in black, she arrested one's attention as she walked down Ocean Avenue, for the day was bright and warm and fair, and she was young. The fragrance of dark hair and eyes and her flowing cape in the wind, and in her hands there

was the grace of sadness.

It was the book-stalls with their display of fine books for low prices that first gained her notice. She passed from one to the other reading about their titles or the name of the author and now and then picking out the one of her choice for perusal.

While she stood thus, glancing over the yellowed pages of an old volume of Milton's Poems, I stepped beside her following her example by selecting the second volume, thinking thereby to attract her attention. For she intrigued me. "I wanted to talk with her—to know her. But instead she returned her volume of poems to its place without even a glance in my direction and moved on to the next stall. Here I saw her take from the rack a heavy book whose black leather binding was grayed with age. As she turned its shiny, thin pages she smiled, in memory, it seemed, for at that moment the keeper of the shop came to the door and inquired of her if she had found a book she wanted.

"Yes," she replied, "I would like this Bible. I have not read one since I was a little girl." And smiling again through eyes that held reflections of things amazing yet common and she continued, "I have read of the Lord—for some

HERE'S WHAT THE EDITORS HAVE TO SAY

THEIR THREE RING CIRCUS

Read the program for Carmel's Institute of World Affairs to be given this summer by the Womans Club; it's somewhere in this paper; then think a bit on the size of the undertaking, and its wide importance.

Also, pause to think how changed this village is. Only a few years ago and our flighty minds would be given these spring days to trivialities such as the east for the Forest Theatre, a children's play or the summer circus on the city lot. Nothing at all so serious or ponderous as this program sounds.

Of course, as the town grows, there come into it minds that can grasp weighty things, and can get a tooth-hold upon themes like Pan-America or Financing Peace. Problems that used to be left to the statesmen in the capitals or the big city editors, are now nuts for these club women to crack. And if they don't already know the meat in the nut, they'll get someone who does, and listen to him crack it.

Yes, Carmel is getting weightier and more serious minded. Or, more likely, it is getting bigger, and has acquired people who enjoy tackling world problems and get a kick out of sending a telegram of advice to the President. So read the program of this Institute of World Affairs, and you'll realize that the Womans Club doesn't care a ding for little circusses on the city lot, and are after the three-ring, mastodon, Barnum and Bailey kind of a show.

A BUSY WEEK FOR THE JUNIOR COLLEGE

The Peninsula Junior College is getting a deal of discussion this week. At Pine Inn Tuesday night, a combination meeting of the Chambers of Commerce of Monterey and Pacific Grove, with Carmel's ante-Chamber of Commerce had it on the program. At Pacific Grove the same night, The Neighbors heard about it from speakers of hither and yon. It is being talked over at meetings of the Parent-Teachers Association. It is argued at luncheons and on the street. It is, in fact, assuming the importance that it merits.

Good enough. Let it be threshed out thoroughly. Education is not a matter to be determined by business exigencies. The purchasing power of its students is the poorest reason for the establishment of a college. On the other hand, the tax cost is not to be too highly considered. Will a Peninsula Junior College supply to a requisite number of our young people a thoroughly good substitute for two years at college or university? Will it have the faculty, the buildings, the curriculum, the equipment and the student-body to make it a real thing, not an impotent imitation of the real?

ANOTHER GUSTATORY EDITORIAL

The abalone season opened Wednesday of this week—which has nothing to do with baseball. The abalone lurks in the sea, nestling against rocks with a firmness of clasp that requires a pinch bar to break. His favorite haunt is Carmel bay.

But the abalone's chief claim to fame is fried in butter. Properly relaxed before frying, nothing is more succulent. On the other hand, without manipulation with hammer, mallet, sledge or ax, the sole of a lumberjack's boot is a tender morsel in comparison with the abalone.

There are as many theories of preparation of an abalone steak as there are cures for a cold. Some insist that a single blow with the side of an ax-bit will jar the fibre and relieve the tension; others suggest electrocution of the animal before death. However, here is a simple and good way to prepare the steaks, first used to our

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

Established February 10, 1915.

Published Weekly by the Pine Cone Press Publishing Co.
Entered as second-class matter February 10, 1915, at the postoffice at Carmel, California, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription rates: One year, \$2; Six months, \$1.25; Three months, 65c.
The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

By Alyson Palmer

I used to do typing to earn my bread
And pay for a rickety boarding house bed
I wrote down numbers, added 'em too,
And sent out checks as bills were due.

And then one day I saw by chance
A ragged gypsy-maiden dance.
Her skin was gold and her eyes were bright
And the road beyond was strangely white.

So I followed her when she travelled on
With the caravan in the blue of dawn.
Through fragrant wood, by silver stream
To the song of the wind and the tamborine;

The sunset trail I've come to know,
The peace that comes with the camp-fire's glow,
The first new star on a night in June
And the great red lantern men call the moon;

These things I've had since I saw by chance
A ragged gypsy-maiden dance.
And this I know—they carry no load
Who answer the call of the open road.

THE BOOM-MAN

By Alice McIntyre Pack, in April Sunset

You wear your white collars—I'll ride this boom,
Rolling, slithering floor of logs,
Straining and dipping through rains and fogs;
They keep me a-singing from dawn until noon.

The storms they have shamed and the magic of nights,
The purple of dawns with no sky too blue
Or star too high for the way they grew,
And they're riding now to adventure and sights.

This boom's not logs and bark and slime;
I'm standing on bridges and leaning on spars,
On docks, and white steeples that lift to the stars—
On ten thousand years of Time!

AFTER ABSENCE

By Wm. A. Brewer, Jr., in April Sunset

All this I know so well, I did not know
Until I went away and then returned;
I did not know how bright the poppies burned,
Poured down from Grizzly to the slopes below;
How sweetly belled the home-bound cattle go
Down secret paths in canyons darkly ferned;
The language of the trees still unlearned
Though hour by hour they whispered, bending low.

Of old these things I saw, these things I heard,
But only as the dark stone sees the grass,
But only as the brown earth hears the bird
When wings of song as shadows overpass,
But after absence, grosser senses die—
Now I perceive with inner ear and eye.

THY GIFT

By Alice de Nair

If it is meant that I reach not the goal
By voicing thots that other hearts repress,
And if but mediocre things enroll
The vision of my pen, ah Lord, then bless
My soul with humbleness of Thine.
Teach me to live vicariously and then
If Fame withhold the lesser part still mine
Thy gift. . . To know the hearts of Men.

knowledge by George Sterling, and followed by many admirers of the poet's work.
Get the meat of the abalone from the shell, scrape and trim away all the black parts, then slice into steaks about three-eighths of an inch thick. Lay these steaks upon a piece of plank, and hammer each inch of each steak with the back or hammer-end of a shingling hatchet. Do not mangle.

Fry in a hot skillet, in butter. Don't fry too long. When the steaks begin changing color, white to brown, they are done. Then eat, and smack your lips.

REVERSING A MAXIM

Someone has remarked that Carmel is "different." There is a sample of it in a show window on Ocean Avenue, where a sign reads, "Owner going to Europe. Back in June." And the door of the shop is locked.

Would it happen anywhere else that a store in its full prosperity closed up for three months while the owner and proprietor toured Europe with his wife? Anywhere else, would the man have any business when he returned?

Yet this is a sensible thing to do. Even if the European journey be but a pleasure trip, the health gained, the enjoyment of it are worth more than the profits lost. And the customers of that shop—because Carmel is "different"—will float back to it loyally sometime in June, glad that the owner of it did not let business interfere with pleasure.

But it makes an editor wonder what maxims would have emanated from the frugal Benjamin Franklin in "Poor Richard's Almanack" had he lived in Carmel instead of Philadelphia.

THE MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A young man about town is being tried this morning for having liquor in his possession. We do not intend to anticipate the verdict. Whether it be guilty or not guilty, that young man should shake the dust of Carmel from his feet, and begin a career elsewhere.

Nor are we interested in his future, so long as it is removed from Carmel. This village is not the place for "men-about-town." We want to keep clear of the ugly phases of city life. We have no desire for sophisticated examples of what the streets of the metropolis can produce in the way of good-fellows or rounders. Carmel's boys and girls should not come in contact here with the dashing boulevardier, or the romantic "man-about-town."

Marshal Englund has a quiet but effective way of escorting hoboes to the city-limit line and pointing them the road over the hill. Consequently Carmel has been particularly free of these pests and frequently petty larcenists. But the "man-about-town" is more dangerous than the tramp, and far more difficult to handle. The legal test of vagabondage is "no visible means of support." That is usually the case, too, of the "man-about-town." In which is a hint for action by our officials of the law.

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS?

"More than fifty per cent of the women patrons of the ready-to-wear departments have the curves that were popular a generation ago, and they don't want the flapper stuff at all."—John W. Hahn, secretary of Garment Retailers' Association.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

"Notwithstanding all of the delights of youthful osculation, it is nevertheless loaded with noxious germs, especially with germs of influenza, sore throat, and particularly tonsillitis."—Hulson Maxim, inventor of an engine of other things.

TAKE IT, LEAVE IT, OR CHUCK IT AWAY

DON'T BREAK THE CHAIN

"A chain is as strong as its weakest link." So goes the old adage.

Here is a chain whose links we should strive to make not only the strongest but the longest that have ever encircled any progressive venture in the history of Carmel.

The Arts and Crafts has long been in need of funds sufficient to meet the expenses of improving and furnishing their club house. A treasure chest upon which they can draw for all the conveniences and necessities that lend atmosphere, comfort and artistry to their surroundings. There could be no greater cause for such an inspiration and those who grace and habit the club world can show their loyalty and

appreciation by standing back of this unique plan conceived by the Arts and Crafts.

The plan is to give a series of Diminishing Luncheons—the hostess of the luncheon furnishing the repast, the guests, six in number, to pay \$1.00 each. In addition each one of the six guests must give a luncheon to five—each one of their guests also paying \$1.00. Then these thirty, in turn, pledge themselves to give luncheons with four guests to each hostess—and so on, until seven hundred and twenty hostesses are giving luncheons to one guest each.

If this worthy plan goes through it will mean the aggregation of \$1,830, which amount will insure a completely renovated and refurnished club house for the Arts and Crafts.

People Talked About

Dane Coolidge and Fred Bech-dolt chanced into my office at the same time. I introduced them; then sat and listened. Coolidge was just back from Arizona, New Mexico, and the Cimarron, where Bech goes every now and then, hunting stories of the Wild West. Dane Coolidge writes the same stuff into fiction that Bech puts into historical records. They knew the same country, and even the same individuals—mostly bad men, gun-toters, and sheriffs, I gathered.

Coolidge had been among the Navajo Indians where he gathered material for his novel, out next month, E. P. Dutton & Co. publishers, "Under the Sun." He also has a serial, "Two Guns," Texas Ranger stuff, starting in the Blue Book shortly. The Popular Monthly had a third novel of his, built upon Kit Carson's life—the Cimarron is Carson's old home—called "Crow Chasers."

A taking title, that: I asked its meaning, and found out that the Comanche Indians called the kingbird that. The kingbird is little, but will tackle anything that flies, even the eagle. Goes after the eyes, darting in to strike and blind. Kit Carson's small bunch that undertook to clear the Comanches out of the country, earned the name of "Crow Chasers" from its foes.

Dane Coolidge, like Fred Bech-dolt, isn't a wild-westerner of the studio, but learned his stuff in the open. He has been field collector of live animals from the western states for Stanford University, the British Museum, U. S. National Zoological Park, and the New York Zoo, and collected for the U. S. National Museum in France and Italy. He has a list of novels to his credit as long as the catalogue of our library, and the names ring out with wild romance.

Coolidge is a frequent visitor here, stopping this time with George E. Stone at the Highlands.

Pedro J. Lemos writes me from Stanford University: "I discovered your comments on the old, pre-quake days in the People Talked About column. The Barnhart-Swasey, Marie-Louise-Rimes, California-Engraving days were great times. . . . I see that you have been fighting the bunch who try to hang a dollar sign on every corner, and I have done the same with those who figure every fine

old oak in Palo Alto in terms of cordwood."

Lemos taught design and illustration for a couple of years at Mark Hopkins early in the century, then became director of the institution, and made it pay its own way for the first time in its history. That record landed him his present job at Stanford. Also, he finds time to edit the School-Arts Magazine, published at Worcester, Mass., which has built up a subscription list in the seven years of his editorship from 7,000 to more than 20,000. He is the author of "Applied Art," the best art textbook seller for three years past.

Lemos winds up his letter with, "I hope before many moons to be even more of a Carmelite," which hope, seeing that he is buying properties and building upon them, looks like having an early fulfillment.

Lowell Hardy, manager of Blythe-Witter in San Francisco, one of the six biggest stock-and-bond houses in the United States, has a home in Carmel, and another at Piedmont. It was fifteen years ago that he chucked commercialism completely, and gave art his time and care, coming to Carmel for inspiration and soothing support.

published by John Lane Company, had made a hit, and Lowell Hardy was regarded as one of the coming western writers. He had a delightful vein of dry humor—which he still has, of course—and he had a companionable way and general good-fellowship that made him a prominent figure in Carmel's bunch at once. He never had time to write anything during the year or more he lived here. Carmel absorbed him.

The Forest Theatre grabbed a lot of his time and thought. He was a fairly good actor; his wife, Flossy, was a better one—she played Lady Marian in "Runnymede," 1913—and their two kids were always in the children's plays. Beach parties always had to have the Hardys. Every party had them, every committee included one or the other of them; they were both too popular for Lowell to have any time to write stories or think of writing books.

So he went back to commercialism, hoping to earn enough in a few years of business to come back to Carmel as a perpetual pensioner. And he may some day write another

er Frosty Ferguson. I hope he will. It was a darn good story. And I hope he'll write it in Carmel.

The last time that George Seiden-neck appeared before the City Council it was to make the trustees a speech on "Woodman, Spare That Tree." This was when Ocean Avenue was to be concreted, and they planned to lop down every tree in the center, as well as upon either side. Because George Seiden-neck and others of us howled lustily and long, only the trees at the edges were destroyed.

Bad enough at that. I heard business men along the street say that every pine from curb to curb should go, and concrete fill in from sidewalk to sidewalk. One of them was on the jury that convicted Seiden-neck of cutting two dead pine trees last week. Quite a change for the better in public opinion regarding the value of trees.

While on the subject, I bought a piece of property the other day that had two pines on it with white rings around them. I was very anxious to keep those trees alive, so got hold of Fremont O. Ballou, biologist of the Carnegie Laboratory, who had ringed the trees a couple of years ago, and took him up to look them over. After a careful in-

spection, he told me the borers had deserted the trees, their wounds had healed, and the pines were perfectly sound. If the action suggested at the time they were ringed that all infected trees not promptly treated be cut down, had been carried into effect, two perfectly sound and valuable trees would not be on my lot today.

Mrs. Dorothy Wegg, a charming young woman with two pretty children, was one of the popular dilettantes of art here a few years ago. She took her first lessons in etching of Ralph Pearson, at the Arts and Crafts school, I believe. Now she is being played up in New York papers as a master of portrait etching.

Miss Eugenia Reynolds of San Jose played Lallah, the favorite of the harem, in Tom Cator's and my "Beggars of Bagdad" when we gave the comic opera at the Victory Theatre there in November, 1925. She was a clever actress with a fine soprano voice. I see by the Review she is to have a song recital at Pacific Grove Friday night, March 18.

There's a poster hanging up in the Seven Arts' window that has been much admired; a lad's face over an open book, in orange, blue and sienna, with the wording "After all, there's nothing like a good book!" It won first prize in a poster contest, and it won my old friend, J. O. Brubaker—"Bru"—a wife.

But all of that story I am going to tell is that the lady was secretary of the association that offered the prize, and Bru was the artist who won it, and they agreed so well on that decision that they made it permanent. I intend to leave romance to tell of sordid realities.

It was in 1898, the day before Christmas, and I was penniless. My wife and I had just moved into a room in the Old Montgomery Block in San Francisco, on its top floor, rent six dollars a month, and it had nearly broke us. I left that morning to collect some money due me for art work from the weekly magazines, giving Mrs. Newberry one dollar and ten cents, all the money I had.

I couldn't collect anything. I couldn't borrow anything. I came home in a sleeting rain, the one bright thought being that my wife must have bought quite a lot of food with a dollar and ten cents. I found that she was waiting all ready for me to take her out to dinner on the money I was to have collected. The dollar and ten cents had bought a second-hand crack-nosed water pitcher and a wavy mirror!

Of course we needed them. Also, we needed food, for neither of us had eaten since a very light breakfast. There was nothing pawnable in that bare room; an old couch, whose back let down to make a bed; a comforter for a cover; no pillows or sheets; a box on which the newly purchased pitcher sat in a tin wash-dish, under the wavy mirror; a wire affair on a gas-jet for a kitchen stove, when we didn't cook over the tiny grate fire in a corner; and one old chair. Not a thing to pawn and raise a dollar.

Then—as now—I smoked Bull Durham, rolling my own. I felt in my pocket for the makings. Gloom would be actual misery if my tobacco was also gone. A letter there, for my wife. I'd taken it from the mail box in the lower hall as I left in the morning, and had forgotten it. Now I tossed it to her as she sat staring stonily at me.

"There's two more days without food," she said. "Tomorrow's Christmas and Sunday. Monday, everything's closed; a legal holiday. You can't get a penny anywhere until Tuesday, and by that time we'll be starved to death."

I could only grunt assent. Vaguely she tore open the envelope. A five dollar bill in it, a Christmas present from her mother.

Several times prior to that day before Christmas we had seen in the hallway an artist who wore a neat Van Dyke beard and white-soled Chinese slippers. We even knew his name, for it was on the mailbox down stairs. He lived in the studio directly across the hall from our room. I said "Let's invite him to dinner," and Mrs. Newberry nodded.

I crossed, rapped on his door, and when he opened said, "We've just been left a legacy, and would like you to help us celebrate. Will you come to Sanguinetti's with my wife and me?"

"A legacy—fine! Of course I'll come." He shook my hand heartily, congratulating us. And he con-

gratulated us again when I'd explained it was but five dollars. That was Brubaker. For seven years after that we were the closest friends. We owned the San Jose Sketch-together, and afterward the San Francisco Wave. We were broke together, and flush together; and neither was broke if the other had a penny. Every time either of us made a piece of money, he would take part of it in nickles and dimes, close eyes, and whirling around, throw the coins broadcast about the big studio. When the next desperate time came, we, on hands and knees, would hunt the floor and corners, behind the piles of canvases, among the paint rags and color boxes, for one of those coins. We never did know when we were absolutely broke. Always there might be another nickle or dime in hiding.

Dorothy Hare is to be the bride in "The Bride," George Ball's next Arts and Crafts play. A week or two ago, I had something in this column about Dorothy Maxtone-Graham, and her graduation from the Forest Theatre into the professional spot-lights. Had no idea that she was anywhere near Carmel. Now she turns up as the bride in "The Bride," for Mrs. Hare was Miss Maxtone-Graham.

She ought to be worth anybody's seeing. Though she was an amateur when I last saw her act, she was good then; and a bit of professional experience must have bettered her. She is pretty, too, and knows how to wear clothes, and walk across a stage.

Notice is served right now on Alice DeNair, Peggy Palmer, Pauline Meeks and Kit Overstreet of the Pine Cone staff that I will use the tickets myself for the next Arts and Crafts show, "The Bride."

The Mission Art and Curio Store is having its first important one-man exhibition of the new season. Mr. Oliver has been very fortunate in bringing to the Peninsula the works of Gennaro Favai of Venice, Italy. Mr. Favai is among the most prominent of Europe's artists.

Myron Oliver enjoyed the acquaintance and comradeship of Mr. Favai while in Europe several years ago, and has been awaiting this exhibit for some time. Born and raised in Venice, Favai was endowed with an early feeling for art, and amid such surroundings, he began early to express himself on canvas. A devout student, he acquired his technical expression from the old Venetian masters, using Tempera, made famous by the early Venetians, which is little known or practiced today.

A musician, a dreamer, a poet and a painter, both spontaneous and generous, he sees beauty as a child and enters the task of expressing what he feels with the fire of enthusiasm that only the naive and simple can have. His attempt is to express the pleasure which he feels. Light and color are his problems.

Favai is steeped in Venice, soul and senses, and he has painted it, loving the symphonies of light which one never finds elsewhere, visioning Venice in its days of glory and splendor. His style is individual, he is absolutely uncompromising in the interpretation of his art. He is daring, perhaps revolutionary, but withal sincere and true to his highest ideals. Favai early gained recognition and is represented in all of the principal galleries and collections in Europe. His works are also to be found in many American collections. Alexander Harrison, Sidney J. Bunce, Mrs. H. Payne Whitney, John Barrymore, Rupert Hughes and many others are possessors of his pictures in this country.



Dreams of Steel In Massive Forms

By ALICE DENAIR

He who has vision shall conquer;
And whether it be but a dream
Means naught, for the mind that
Has wrought it

Has power to win man's esteem!
Hugh Ferriss, architect artist, is making his dreams come true. With undaunted inner vision he looks out and sees new and lovelier cities of gigantic buildings straining their grandeur to the sky. And with a tenacity of purpose, that is so deftly symbolized in the titanic structures he draws, he is striving to emancipate the city of New York from the depths of darkness. As a portrait painter of buildings, and as one who sees in steel and concrete a thing personal and as much given to temperament as an individual, he is giving to New York the amazing possibility of solving its tremendous problems of space, light and beauty. He is inviting New Yorkers to live in the sky. To climb with him, tier upon tier, into the open and to make of their monstrous buildings things of grace and rhythmic line, abodes that show heritage of the Pyramids of Egypt or the palaces of Babylon. There is a drawing of a plan, in his studio, for a mighty structure, the invincible stolidity of which is artfully broken by a series of roofs modeled for spacious gardens and promenades, for almost land-like places, and with terraces adorned with fountains such as have splashed for centuries down the hillsides of Tivoli to cool the villa of a once mighty Este. And then there are others drawing outraying dreams Ferriss has cherished of magnificent Cathedrals and great Towers 1,500 ft. high—twice the height of the famous Woolworth Building.

With unquestionable genius for combining density with tenacity he sets an ancient temple on the summit of a lofty skyscraper and when viewing it one feels, as they do when standing upon one of Nature's towering crags—that they must sing!

Hugh Ferriss has that rare quality of soul which makes of earth things, monuments so real yet so ideal that heaven can but smile gratefully upon them.

"Someday," he says, "man will smile amusedly at the antiquity of my dreams, for we have certainty that in the future shines a Light of Wisdom which will render our present illumination pale!"

ON LOCATION NOW!

BEBE DANIELS IS HERE
Another movie star has fallen in our midst! Bebe Daniels, leading lady with Clarence Badger's company, now on location at Del Monte, is enacting the title role in the comedy-drama "Senorita." Her part is that of a high-spirited American girl who is discovered playing polo and later dresses up in a Spanish boy's costume and leaves for South America to visit her venerable grandfather, who prefers granddaughters to granddaughters. Miss Daniels is a great enthusiast of sul-of-foot accomplishments and polo is her latest vogue.

HALF A DOZEN NEW BOOKS

At the Seven Arts there are a number of fascinating new books, just off the press, to delight the hearts of the reading public.

Heading the list of travel books is one called "The Road Round Ireland," by Padriac Colum. In settings, peasant characters and local customs it is thoroughly typical of the Emerald Isle, and especially well drawn are the intimate word sketches of Roger Casement, Thomas MacDonagh, J. M. Synge and other such men who are true makers of the new Ireland.

Another enchanting book is "Spanish Alta California," written by Alberta Johnson Denis. The author, who is a California woman, has made an exacting study and research of old manuscripts, and treats her story from the strictly Spanish viewpoint. She writes glowingly of the coming, in the year 1542, of Cabrillo, the first white man to set foot on California soil, and of the expedition of Sir Francis Drake in 1578.

"The Epic of Kings" is a fascinating book to be enjoyed by young and old, artists and story tellers. It contains more than a dozen tales retold by Helen Zimmern from Pindar's Shah Nameh, hero stories of ancient Persia and it is beautifully illustrated by Wilfred Jones. Here is Rustem, a brave hero of all ages; Sohrab, who led the Turks in a mighty onslaught against the hosts of Iran; Rakhsh, the magic steed of the wind. Here are Shahs and Kings, strange beasts and golden dragons, and the wealth and colorful spell of Persepolis when it ruled the world.

Among the most popular of the many new novels is John Erskine's "Galahad," even more amusing than his successful "Helen of Troy," and the characters are better drawn. Guinevere is superb, as the very embodiment of some of the less appealing characteristics of the eternal feminine. Galahad is a charming, ingenious youth and as for Lancelot, well, he seems plentifully endowed with that obscure quality Madame Elinor Glyn calls IT. On the whole, Galahad is a highly entertaining book, full of Mr. Erskine's peculiar esoteric cynicism and sparkling, biting wit.

One of the most beautiful and most worthy books of the year is "The story of the World's literature," by John Macy. Written in Macy's flowing style, with prose lucid and vigorous, it possesses at the same time a charming simplicity of word and manner. It is an intimate survey of the entire range of literature, covering all the peoples, lands and ages since the world began. There are more than two hundred powerful illustrations, in line, tone and color, by the noted artist, Quotolo.

A rather unique little book, and one that is fast proving to be a "best seller," is "Pharos and Pharillon," by E. M. Foster, who will be remembered as the author of "The Celestial Omnibus." In this new story of Alexandria, Mrs. Foster gives the reader a series of historical vignettes, strange and elusive, from the earliest times to the present day. This small book is marked by unusual brilliancy, subtle humor and an observation of life that at all times rings true.

BOTKE'S MOONLIGHT GROVE

This week's single new display at the Carmel Art Gallery is a large oil by Cornelius Botke which displaces the rock and ocean scene by Harold Knott from the place above the mantle where the largest picture is always hung. The log house at the beginning of the seventeen mile drive is the subject of the painting. Moonlight Grove, but the logs are magically changed to adobe leaving the elevation as it is in reality. With knowledge of moonlight shadows, gained by observation Botke filtered the moonlight through the giant eucalyptus with realistic strokes. The eucalyptus is a tree which artists like to exaggerate in size, but Botke in his frankness gives us these trees as they appear—saturnally which is quite graceful enough. The moonlight does the ethereal thing.

MANY BOOKS, AND VARIED

As varied as the weather, is the collection of books new in Carmel's Public Library. Some of recent vintage, others older but equally refreshing, the most fastidious reader may turn the pages of this newest addition to our library and be carried away to sea, to desert, to adventures with brigands, even to Oregon or if he desires, be exiled altogether! If he likes, the reader may, for half a sovereign, find himself mixed up with murder, haunted bookshops, tattooed men, green dolphins, Chinese dogs or even the very latest terrible hobby. To verify our statement, here is a list of titles and authors of the new books for you to choose from.

The Terrible Hobby of Sir Jos. Londe Bart—Oppenheim.

The Adventures of Joseph P. Cray—Oppenheim.

The Channay Syndicate—Oppenheim.

Madame and her 12 Virgins—Oppenheim.

Raj, the Brigand—Carmichael.

Broke of Covenand—J. C. Snaith.

A Woman in Exile—H. A. Vachell.

The Kays—Deland.

The Law of the Talon—Louis Tracy.

Half a Sovereign—Ian Hay.

Tish Plays the Game—Reinhart.

On to Oregon—Willie Morrow.

The Tattooed Man—Revel.

John Martin's New Book No. 10.

Toro of the Little People—Walmesby.

Greenmantle—John Buchan.

Parnassus on Wheels—Christopher Morley.

The Haunted Bookshop—Christopher Morley.

Everybody's Pepys.

Preface to a Life—Zona Gale.

The Island Mail—Detzler.

The Green Dolphin—Bassett.

The Cartwright Garams Murder—Fletcher.

The Sailor—Snaith.

The Desert Thoroughbred—Gregory.

Autobiography of a Chinese Dog—Ayscough.

UNITY HALL HAS

MUSICAL EVENING

Students of Unity Hall announce an interesting musical evening to be given at the home of Mrs. J. S. Cane, Thirtieth and Monte Verde, Monday, March 28. Return of the evening will go toward the Unity Hall building fund. A full announcement of the program will appear in next week's issue.

EXHIBIT AT GUMPS

An interesting exhibit in the Art Gallery of Gumps, San Francisco, is that of Gunnar Widforss' water colors. For the last twelve years Widforss, who is a Swedish artist, has been a wanderer among California's most beautiful and natural scenery. Yosemite Valley, Monte-

At My Book Shop

A lady passing by my Book Shop said:

"I hope you do well, but—we have such a queer mixture of people here."

"I have a queer mixture of books, too," I replied. For instance, you will find on my shelves:

THE SEASONS—By Mr. Thompson. Two hundred years old, but as fresh and clean as the day it was printed. Price \$50.00.

DE PROFUNDIS—By Oscar Wilde. A beautiful first edition, in blue Morocco leather case. Price \$75.00.

JURGEN—By James Branch Cabell. The original suppressed edition. Price \$50.00.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY—One of the few copies of this work which escaped destruction. Price \$50.00.

KATE GREENAWAY—Several delightful books illustrated by this artist, including a quaint book of Valentines.

AUTOGRAPHED FIRST EDITIONS—Dozens of modern authors.

BOOKS ON ART—Books on Gardens—Books on Books—Books for Children.

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EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

By

Gennaro Favai
of Venice, Italy

MISSION ART & CURIO STORE

J. K. OLIVER, Prop.
105 Main Street Monterey, California

Camera Lens and Wood Gouge

A combination of photography and wood cuts is the unique line of art work followed—or, more likely, led—by Frank Cavanaugh, of Monterey. The prints shown herewith are the first examples of reproductions of negatives by means of tools cutting wood or linoleum that I have ever seen. That the poster-like black and white can so closely portray the photograph is almost startling.

Frank Cavanaugh makes his own negatives, and, of course, photographs to get poster effects. The



print is either made directly upon the block, or on paper to be traced on the wood. All half tones are disregarded; only full black or white is used. Then with knife and gouges, the cut is made, and a photographed scene becomes a printing block.

Most of Cavanaugh's work has been of the Monterey Peninsula, and trees and clouds are his best subjects. However he had made a number of sea scenes, and has remarkable linoleum cuts of fishing boats in Monterey Bay. All of these show that they are not sketched, but are the work of a camera's lens.

And his work has a ready sale, most of the blocks going to Los Angeles or San Diego. For illustrating



this article, only the smaller of the cuts could be used, and in this work it is a disadvantage to be restricted in size. Yet there is atmosphere in each picture shown, and a certain fidelity to nature that seldom gets into a wood cut poster.

SEVENTH GRADE NOTES

By Anne Tenney

This has been a very busy week for the members of the seventh

Monday the seventh-grade wrote letters to schools in other states telling them of Carmel and we hope to receive letters from them telling us of their states.

That afternoon the seventh grade played the sixth grade baseball. The girls' score was three to two in the seventh grade's favor. The boys' score was two to one in the seventh grade's favor. It was very exciting for us was a close game. One player that did not play in the main game played in a second game.

On Tuesday Miss Mary Ingels came to play some piano pieces for us. The children enjoyed them very much and she was called back twice.

Friday, the Sunset School gave a Grieg program and the children sang songs by Grieg.

One day last week Patty Johnson, Gretchen Schoeninger and Mrs. Thornton went up to Mr. Mora's studio to look at some of his work. Patty and Gretchen were both very interested in his work and he was kind enough to tell them something about it. The next day when Patty and Gretchen entered the room, a little late, their hands were covered with clay and their faces were covered with smiles. They went up to the desk and held out some objects that looked like mud pies toward Mrs. Thornton. Then Mrs. Thornton smiled too, and we soon found out that they had been modeling in some muddy clay that they had found on the road. Patty had made a fish and Gretchen had made a horse's head. They had baked them in Patty's oven.

So you see this has been a very interesting week for the seventh grade.

FRACTURED LEG RESULTS FROM CRASH

William Harper, a mechanic employed at the Hartman City garage, Ocean Avenue, Carmel, sustained a fractured leg and minor injuries last Friday afternoon, when he was jammed between a truck and the car he was cranking. Dr. De Boe, owner of the car, who was seated at the wheel at the time, had left the machine in gear. Harper, not knowing this, cranked the motors and without warning the car raced ahead, pinning him against the heavy truck with sufficient force to break the bone of his left leg just below the hip.

Dr. R. A. Kocher of Carmel was called and administered aid until the Monterey presidio ambulance arrived, and Harper was taken to the hospital at Pacific Grove. Mrs. Harper was apprised of the accident at their Pacific Grove home. They have six small children.

SANITARY TRUSTEES CANVASS RETURNS

The Board of Sanitary Trustees met Friday night at the Carmel city hall and canvassed the returns of the election held last Monday. Owing to the absence of a tally sheet from the package returned by the election board, the entire crew of judges and inspectors were brought before the meeting, and sworn statements taken to insure the validity of the election. City Attorney Argyll Campbell acted as attorney for the sanitary board, with President W. L. Tower in the chair. The newly elected trustees, Henry F. Dickenson and Paul J. Denny were sworn in.

RUSSIAN DANCER VISITS IN CARMEL

An interesting visitor in Carmel this week is Lazar, exponent of Russian ballet and original dance interpretations, a native of Serbia, but of Russian parentage whose home is now in San Francisco.

Lazar is a close friend of Vasia Anakieff, Russian singer well known in Carmel and now singing in Italy. Like Vasia, Lazar is best known for his interpretations of the folk songs and dances of Russia. He has been associated in his ballet work with Theodore Kosloff and Moskowski. Since returning from Hollywood and a short sojourn in the "movies" Lazar has been appearing recently in adagio work with Mile. Nadrova of San Francisco.

Lazar will arrive in Carmel Thursday for a few days visit, the guest of Frances Montgomery who has been his accompanist and who has made piano arrangements for a group of his Russian folk dances.

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Spotlight and Back-stage

Players Guild Comes to Golden Bough

Tonight and tomorrow, Friday and Saturday evenings, a notable engagement will take place at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. The Players' Guild of San Francisco, northern California's leading non-commercial theatre organization, will send down their two outstanding productions of the season, performing on Friday evening "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," a sparkling comedy by St. John Ervine, and on Saturday the sensational play of American pseudo-religious life, "The Bride of the Lamb."

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" deals with English country life at its pleasantest. The play is a comedy of modern manners, flavored with the right amount of subtlety and delicate irony to give it tang and zest. The cast is one of the most brilliant ever assembled in San Francisco for a Guild production, including Ann O'Day, C. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. William T. Sesnon, Virginia Phillips, Sydney Schlesinger and a number of other able and experienced players well known in the social and business life of the bay city. The production has been accorded high praise by the press. George G. Warren, dean of San Francisco's critics, says in the "Chronicle": "The Guild performance is brisk and fresh, the lines smashing over the footlights, the characterizations clear-cut, Travers' direction impeccable and the pro-

duction most interesting."

Contrasting with the pointed but gentle cynicism of the deft and urbane Ervine is the terrific indictment of "revivalism" which is the theme of William Hurlbut's "The Bride of the Lamb." The element of hysteria inherent in the evangelistic emotional upheavals which pass under the name of "religious revivals" and the menace of it to weak minds, constitutes the main threads of the theme. Impliedly the play is aimed at the Billy Sundays and Aimee McPhersons of the religious world of America, and by further implication it is apparent that the author does not believe that the mentally strong and firmly balanced give support to "evangelistic" movements and their fierce, unnatural excitements. But the author has been keen enough to avoid making his wandering evangel a hypocritical or otherwise hateful person. On the contrary, he believes in himself and his mission, but when his full-blooded, strong, magnetic personality is exerted among the mentally suppressed and the emotionally inhibited the result is a sordid tragedy as cruel and fearful as though the devil himself had conjured it.

Edward Kuster, director of the Golden Bough, says: "When 'The Bride of the Lamb' was produced in New York before a miscellaneous Broadway audience there was more or less controversy stirred up about it, partly by press agents with their tongues in their cheeks, and partly in good faith by a few relentlessly pious persons with single-track minds. The cultivated audiences at the City Club in San Francisco seem to have found nothing controversial in this interesting and powerful play as produced by the Players' Guild. It is a matter of taste. I would suggest, however, that the Carmel audience that comes to see this tacit indictment of pseudo-religion and Aimee-ism in its various forms would do well not to bring their children. It is essentially a play for mature minds."

Much interest is being shown in the first visit to Carmel of San Francisco's noted organization, and full houses will doubtless greet them. The public sale of seats will commence next Tuesday morning. Reservations now being received will be honored subject to the prior rights of Golden Bough subscribers.

THE BRIDE TONIGHT AT ARTS AND CRAFTS

The Carmel Players, with an excellent cast that includes old time favorites and a few new faces, is giving "The Bride" tonight and tomorrow night at the Arts and Crafts Theatre.

The title role, which calls for the most delicate acting, is competently handled by Dorothy Hare whose wide experience will stand back of this difficult part.

If you want to acquire a profitable insight into the nature of a real policeman and officers of the law let Officer O'Brien and Inspector Gillson, played by D. L. Staniford and Louis U. Rountree show you just how hard-boiled and domineering they can be.

The entire cast has been wisely and excellently selected, and the play, under the direction of George Ball, promises Carmel two nights of enjoyment.

Yes—the Pine Forest Will Fit Old Paris

By Susan Porter

I dropped into Arts and Crafts Theater the other day to find out what Rhoda and Dick Johnson were planning to do with the stage sets of "If I Were King." But I didn't gather much. Rhoda was off collecting properties for "The Bride"—I really wonder what they'll do with that big iron pot in the aisle—and Dick was putting in window frames for the first act. "After this play is over—" he said, and grinned at me cheerfully and went on hammering.

So I took chops and a broiler off to Point Lobos instead—it's always a good thing to do when you're in doubt. And we broiled the chops and watched the surf, and then considered the play ourselves, and wondered what we should do if we had Rhoda's responsibility and one-tenth of her skill and were going to put "If I Were King" on the Forest Theater stage.

Forest Theater pine trees have grown unperturbed through many sets; through Bagdad and Tauris, through Alexandria and Assisi, through Elsinore and Pomeroy Walk; why shouldn't they grow in fifteenth century Paris? They must have grown there once, else why should the first act be laid in the Tavern of the "Pomme de Pin"? (I wish we could translate that Pine Cone instead of Fir Cone; it sounds more homelike.)

It is laid actually, inside the tavern, but we might, without straining possibilities, make it the tavern courtyard into which they all come. Little mean-faced King Louis comes

there in disguise, and Francis Villon, just drunk enough to be glorious, and that proud and lovely creature, Lady Katherine de Vaucelles, ready to send her humble and adoring poet to his death if that will serve her purpose, and the Companions of the Cockleshell and all the rest of the varicolored crowd. There must be space enough for the duel in the dark with swords and lanterns; space for swords to clash and lanterns to swing giddily, space for the watch to enter majestically and for the little old man in the corner to claim Villon's unconscious body. And when the captain of the watch demands, "Who are you to interfere with the king's justice?" the little man must have space enough to stand alone while he answers quietly, "I am the king's justice."

Well, space is one thing the Forest Theater always offers.

The second act is laid in a garden, the king's garden, where the

bewildered Villon, waking from unconsciousness, finds himself splendidly robed and attended, mysteriously powerful, a puppet of the king. There are probably pine trees in that garden too. At any rate there are roses, and a stairway for Lady Katherine to sweep grandly down, and some sort of window from which the king watches the lovers, smiling cruelly.

The next act is in a garden too, but whose I can not remember. There is a "fete galante" going on in it, and there are gorgeous costumes and music, and plots and plottings. The defeat of the Burgundians is outlined there, and Villon is exposed, and there is another duel and the death of that wild, warm-hearted sinner they called the Abbess. How much can happen in a garden where pine trees grow!

And for the last act, of course, there is the Place de Greve, the public square where the gibbet

Friday and Saturday
March 18 and 19

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SUNDAY

"The Little Journey"

Claire Windsor
William Haines

MONDAY

"There You Are"

Conrad Nagel

TUESDAY

"Don Juans' Three Nights"

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"General Custer At Little Big Horn"

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FRIDAY

"Mother"

Belle Bennett

THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

The Players' Guild

San Francisco

In Two Plays

FRIDAY, MARCH 25th

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"

By St. John Ervine

A sparkling comedy of English life—a success of the current New York season

SATURDAY, MARCH 26th

"The Bride of the Lamb"

By William Hurlbut

The most thrilling play of American life on the New York stage last year

Seats on Public Sale at the Box Office next Tuesday morning

Reservations now being received subject to prior rights of subscribers

Admission \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, plus tax

Children half-price for "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary"—But no admitted to "The Bride of the Lamb"

stands on which Villon is to die, and the church where his poor old mother prays for him. The pine trees will see him hanged—or will see him lost in triumphant bliss without dropping a needle. Pine trees are very calm.

But the play is not calm. It is full of action every minute, good old staunch romantic drama in which things happen and continue to happen. And we can trust Rhoda to give it a setting that will match its romance, a setting that will not resemble in one point the setting we planned on Lobos while the waves smashed and the dog ate the chop bones.

SILVERSTREAK IN WILD ADVENTURES

Can dogs talk? You'll say "yes" when you see Silverstreak, the King of Dog Actors, in the magnificent chapter play of romance and intrigue in the snow country.

In "The Silent Flyer" Silverstreak—half dog, half wolf—fights and loves his way through one of the most breath-taking serial films ever produced. He performs scores of astounding feats in this thrilling drama and when you follow him through one episode you'll find the grip of this courageous animal-actor upon you. In fact, once he's carried you into his wild adventures you'll know that you can't afford to miss any of the chapters, starting Wednesday, March 23, at the Manzanita Theatre and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday for ten consecutive weeks. As a special feature for the opening night of the serial the Manzanita Theatre will give free admittance to children under 12 years.

Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Jesselyn

"The Clavilux," said Old Al, for the benefit of the barber shop, "was about the doggondest thing I ever did see. Awful hard to find words to tell about. But awful interesting."

He paused to deny that a spotty pup dog, which was following him, even into the sacredness of the barbershop, was his, and to swoosh his cane at it. But the dog, thinking this play, barked and wagged his tail the more.

"As I was saying," went on Al, "this here recital, as the feller called it, was sure as novel as it was promised to be. Indoor fireworks, he said somebody had called it; sure was. Or the Fireman's Nightmare, too, when that there red got to workin'. But I suppose you could call music an imitation of a Barnyard at Feeding Time, or the Sounds of a City on a Working Day, for that matter and be just as fair about it."

"And it sure was fun to watch how folks took it. That was per-

haps the best of the evening. People are just like different chemicals. You touch 'em with some other chemical and they do certain things just like the chemistry books write about. Well, when they was touched by the Clavilux they reacted just as differently as all them chemicals would. Some of 'em got hot, some cold, some smoked and some didn't change at all, while others passed right out entirely—out of the theatre, I mean."

Al again swooshed at the dog and answered a question by insisting he had not moved back from the dollar seats into the dollar and a half seats during the intermission.

"Reason I got into the wrong row was that I stepped out to take a mite of medicine for a sneeze I felt comin', and when I got back inside it was dark and I sat where I could. But say, the medicine sure improved the color of them pictures on the screen. By golly, I guess I added a few colors of my own, too. 'You didn't go? Well, I'll tell you in a word what it was. No, it wasn't spiritualism. Wait a minute until I get this pup out of here.'"

The spotty, fat-middled dog of large paws and friendly aims was forcibly thrust outside and the door closed. Mournful wails came through the door, also scratching, but the shop was hard-hearted. Al said that was the trouble of speaking kindly to a strange animal.

"Four big steel suitcases pointin' up at an angle toward the movie screen, like some new machine guns. Out comes this feller Thomas Wilfred and he makes a fine talk. First sentence he says he's glad to be able to show people something new in this new day of 1927, and he tells how it's like music, only for the eyes and not the ears, and about the machines and history of light-music, until you wanted to go right up on stage and look into them critters, you got that interested and curious."

"Lights out. Course, one stray light backstage had to be choked by him personal, with his own hands,

and then things begun.

"And that's where I can't find any words. Reminded me, as I let my eyes drift here and there, of lookin' out a window as a youngster and seein' the stars and the moon and the northern lights and a forest fire all rise up at once and dance around and make figures that you couldn't quite make out, but knew that they meant somethin' after all. And colors! Man, he had 'em all. Color and motion— and form—he said that was what he worked with and could make millions of variations of 'em."

"But, do you know, it somehow seemed like you needed somethin' besides just the things there all crawly and silent on the screen? I mean it was too far away, and you can't look at the stars all night unless you have the crickets and the wind through the trees to sort of make it complete. A human voice or a violin, or some kind of a drama in it like movies running through it, and the Clavilux to make back-ground and accent now and then."

The scratching at the door had stopped. Al opened the door for cool air in the stuffy little room. And the instant it opened in came the pup, not at all upset by the lack of attention it had had, but more friendly than ever. Al shook his head and said he'd have to take it back to the post office, where he'd got it first.

"But I'll bet you," he said before leaving, "that Heaven has got a lot of Claviluxes. Nothing could make

that wonderful light, and then what I can hear, Heaven's got the most wonderful lights anybody ever see. So, as I hardly think I'll ever git to Heaven, unless the trains run on a different schedule than the one some folks preach about, I was thankful to git that little glimpse."

So Al, with his self-adopted canine, went through the door, barely escaping an upset as the pup went between his feet and took hold of his cane in its joyous teeth.

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SPRING Alterations

You wouldn't hesitate to enlarge the street entrance to your place of business if customers found it constantly congested. The telephone is an equally important avenue of customer contact and merits like consideration.

Increasingly, business is being conducted over the telephone. Frequent reports that your "line is busy" lead to customer dissatisfaction.

Be sure that your telephone installation is adequate to take care of the normal growth of your business.

Telephone service installations adapted to every requirement will be cheerfully discussed upon application to our Business Office.

Adequate telephone service means customer satisfaction



THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

CARMEL INSTITUTE PLANS ANNOUNCED

Announcement was made today by Mrs. Oliver Marble Gale, president of the Carmel Woman's club, and chairman of the Carmel Institute of World Affairs, to be held at Carmel June 16, 17, 18 by the club, of the program to be covered by the institute. The scope of the discussion planned for the three-day session is to be world wide, with current problems of each section receiving attention, in order. Directing the discussion will be more than a score of America's foremost educators and others who have made a life study of conditions and underlying causes in the countries considered.

Institutes of politics and international affairs have been held before on the Pacific coast, sponsored by the League of Women Voters in various cities, but this is the first time that a woman's organization has ever undertaken an institute whose audience will be drawn from the entire western section of the United States, or one with so comprehensive a program.

First of Kind

The Riverside institute, held in Riverside, California, last December, was the first of its sort on the coast. It was patterned after the Williamstown, Mass., Institute of Politics. The Carmel institute, therefore, is the second of this general type, but the first to be held under the auspices of a woman's organization.

Seven states—California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Nevada, Idaho and Arizona—will comprise the territory represented at the Carmel institute. Civic organizations in all of these states have signified their intention of sending representatives, including good-sized delegations in some instances.

Eminent Speakers

From the summer school faculties of the leading educational institutions in the states are to be selected speakers on each of the major topics to be covered during the institute; this list to be supplemented from the eminent visitors who will be guests on the Monterey Peninsula or in this state at that time. An advisory committee is already being formed to assist in this part of the work.

Responses already received from some of the country's most eminent authorities on the various aspects of international relations, to whom letters of invitation have just been addressed, however, give ample assurance of the interest and importance attached to the project and the success which it will have. That such an event not only affords Carmel and the Monterey Peninsula an unprecedented degree of prominence as a center for constructive thought and source of practical guidance in the direction of world betterment, but at the same time provides local residents with rare opportunities for contact with the people who will attend and firsthand glimpses of national intellectual leaders in action are among the advantages pointed out.

Organized to conduct the institute for the Carmel Woman's club, attending to all the details of preliminary arrangement, selection of the speakers, housing for speakers and guests, and direction of the program, is the following committee, headed by Mrs. Gale: Mrs. Mary Day Harris, secretary; Dr. Amelia L. Gates, treasurer; Mrs. Herman A. Spoehr, Mrs. H. S. Nye, Mrs. John B. Dennis, Mrs. H. J. Morse, Miss Ruth Huntington, Mrs. Chas. H. Lowell, Mrs. E. K. Elliott, and Miss Lily E. White. The city of Carmel is represented through John B. Jordan, chairman of the board of city trustees, who is a member of the institute's advisory committee.

Institute Program

The general program for the institute is as follows:
Theme: America's Present Opportunities for Peace.

These: Every condition is capable of improvement; every problem contains within itself elements of solution or escape. Improvement or escape or solution depend upon ideas carried out. What ideas can be advanced by America and what help she can contribute through enlightened statesmanship and public understanding in carrying them out, to improve conditions found in the world today, and promote solutions along the lines of peace and international accord. America has wealth, power, position, potential intelligence and capacity for vision. How shall they be aroused and applied toward world peace?

Plan: A discussion, extending over three days, with five addresses each day and a round-table discussion each noon, on situations in world affairs today which present opportunities for America to bring about improvement and progress toward peace, the subjects to be approached in a constructive and creative spirit by speakers who find such opportunities and see ways for us to use them as a people.

First Day—Europe

10:15—Opening address, developing theme of institute and taking up discussion of part America can or should take in world affairs to co-operate with the nations of the world.

11:30—Tariff Reform in Europe, Pan-Europe, The United States of Europe, as possible solutions, and what the United States of America could contribute toward them.

1:00—Round Table Discussion—Cancellation of war debts.

2:30—The Economic Conference; report on and discussion of, bringing out America's opportunity in this direction to remove pressures and relieve strains and promote a peaceful prosperity throughout Europe which would be good business as well as good morality and good statesmanship.

3:30—Immigration and Population Problems. How can America relieve strains of population in Europe without destructive dilution of American institutions through over immigration?

5:00—Disarmament. What might be accomplished by disarming other nations of their hatreds towards America and their reasons to fear or distrust her and their provocations to attack her; moral disarmament and how America might advance it amongst the nations.

Second Day—The Americas

10:15—Opening address, developing theme of bringing about a better understanding of and sympathy toward the Latin temperament, using the word in its broadest and best sense, to remove causes of friction and collision through a mutual understanding of respective points of view, motives, reactions, etc., broadening the standards of judgment and cooperation.

11:30—Promoting the peace, external and internal, of Mexico, her stability and development, with an enlarged view of making her a cultured, wealthy customer with advanced tastes for the things of life which the United States might supply, thereby promoting the welfare of general industry throughout the United States. Instead of endeavoring to continue to exploit Mexico's natural resources at the expense of the Mexicans themselves for the benefit of a few American interests as entrenched against us at home as they are against the Mexicans beyond the border.

1:00—Round Table Discussion—Pan-America or The League of American Nations.

2:30—Central America.

3:30—South America.

5:00—America's responsibilities to her island possessions and protectorates in Caribbean waters, and how she can fulfill them.

Third Day—Asia and General

10:15—Theme: The great world problems of the future lie in the Pacific and along its shores. China is awakening, India is restless; Japan is at present, perhaps, in the hands of sinister forces of selfishness and imperialism. In this theatre England enters through India and China. Three other great Anglo-Saxon peoples, English, as we are, in origin, ideals, traditions and belief

in principle and law—the Canadians and the Australians and the people of New Zealand, who have lately entered into closer bonds of empire by breaking the old bonds of imposed control, lie along the borders of the scene, closely concerned and inevitably involved in what develops. How shall the fourth Anglo-Saxon nation—America—holding in general the same ideals and enlightened by the same vision, co-operate with these others, and they with her, to bring a blessing to the world out of the changes that must come through the awakening of China, with its possibilities of unleashing "The Yellow Peril," and the influences of Japan, and the other elements present; not by entering a league of force or coercion but by a joint moral influence of their common spiritual inheritances?

11:30—China.

1:00—Round Table Discussion—The Philippines.

2:30—Financing Peace—The United States and its people have a vast wealth and the power that goes with it as the world is constituted today. How can this wealth be used in the development of new or backward countries, economically, socially, spiritually, through physical betterments and improvements in their living conditions, without exploiting them?

What agencies and methods, private or governmental, may be possible to promote a better civilization elsewhere, higher intelligence, more expansive living—not necessarily American, but better for the people concerned. Such a principle in international affairs might be regarded as the obverse of the shield of which the reverse is what is called "dollar diplomacy," commercial exploitation, and, perhaps, missionary work in its stricter sense. It might be a sort of "Big Brother" movement amongst the nations with a genuine, wholesome love for the betterment of others which would free it from self-righteousness or officiousness.

3:30—Cultural Possibilities—Has America anything to offer and receive culturally or educationally with other nations which would promote better understandings and clearer sympathies and more intelligent cooperation toward mutual improvement of attitudes and relationships? Through the interchange of education, literature, art, music, purposeful and directed travel; exchange scholarships and professorships, broadly extended? If so, what, and how can it be brought about?

5:00—The Press as an instrument of peace.

Dane Coolidge, one of the foremost novelists of the western field, is a guest of Capt. George E. Stone of Carmel Highlands. Coolidge has a novel, "Under the Sun," coming out next month from the press of E. P. Dutton & Co. It deals with a Navajo Indian tale of romance.

Murphy Building Materials

ALL ORDERS, LARGE OR SMALL, GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION, DELIVERED TO YOUR PLACE PROMPTLY.

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Highest Quality Meats

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F. W. NELSON

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WILL HOLD

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ON SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1 o'CLOCK

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Largest stock of medium and high grade furniture ever offered to the highest bidder on the Peninsula

Comprising—3 Living Room Chesterfield Suites in Baker Cut and Jacquard Velour, 3 complete Bed Room Suites in French Walnut and Mahogany, Twin Beds, Attractive Breakfast Sets in various finishes, Plate Glass Mirrors, Beautiful Rugs in all sizes, Mattresses in Hair, Kapok and Cotton, Springs, Dressers, Buffet, Library Tables, Overstuffed Chairs, Pottery, Electric Vacuum Cleaners, Sewing Machines, Phonographs, Gas Heaters, 3 Telephone Tables and Chairs, Secretary's Desk, Various Reed Furniture, Fine Oak Sanitary Roll Top Desk, Various Gas and Coal Ranges, Hotpoint Electric Range, Ornaments, and many other things not enumerated on account of lack of space and time.

IT WILL PAY YOU NOT TO MISS THIS SALE

La Porte-Greenwald Co.

Auctioneers

MONEYMOONING IN MOROCCO

By HELEN H. STERLING

Rabat, perhaps, will hold the tenderest memories because when travelling it is impossible to divorce mere beautiful scenery from the happiness in beholding that scenery with companionship that is able to share the handicraft of God and man alike that has contrived to make exquisite places. Therefore, the day spent with another at the old Fort Herve when we became natives for the moment, swimming in the large square basins of water with little naked Arab boys, will be put down in my "Book of Days."

Here the great sea dashed us over the stone wall built in the reigns of Mulay El Hassan and Mulay Abd El Aziz as we sat upon its rim challenging the ocean to add its tribute to a carefree day. And it did not disappoint. Reclining upon a rock at the base of the steps leading down from the Fort with our lunch basket and bottle of red wine well emptied and feeling that the waves would not intrude upon our restful meditations, suddenly a great dash of sea washed over us. Clothes, camera, books—all were swept into the water and I could never hope to laugh more heartily than when all

these things were rescued and handed to me by sunbaked hands of African children.

Nor will the adventure by moonlight of exploring every little street and ancient crumbling stairway of the town built within the walls of the olden be forgotten. It is pleasant to recall that although we were rude enough to intrude at an hour not long before the dawn upon the privacy of an Arab's hut the portals of that tiny home were opened with a hospitality and welcome that no place could aspire to—such happenings put a new value upon simplicity and endears for-

ever the Arabs who can be so generous to an invading people. What price civilization that forgets a simple kindness of spirit in its material pursuits?

I sat upon the rush matting of their humble floor, playing with their latest family of kittens and listening to the peeps of chickens behind one curtained end of the small room. The brasserie of burning charcoal was before the squatting form of one of the master's two wives as she busily prepared the mint tea for us. As I sat there winding the Arab's toga about my head, smiling friendship was un-

stated and one feels that love and all does exist—in the hidden corners of the earth. Giving way to some primitive call we removed shoes and stockings and returned barefoot along the cobbled winding streets. No open doorways witnessed our luxury of freedom as we pattered through the sleep enthralled Medina.

Surely East touched West when I descended in an aeroplane upon Ancient Fez, oldest and most veiled city of Moslem faith. My unmolested wanderings here seemed like trespassing upon other ages that live among the pages of the prophets. Everywhere I looked in to the face of Moses and his brethren. Day after day I went up and down the hilly streets of colorful commerce and witnessed their beehive existence of day—old men squatting amidst their wares, sleepy-eyed or dreaming with long slender

(Continued to page 16)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Phone Carmel 2

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 30 cents. Single insertion, 10c per line. One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line. One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line. (No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.) All transient ads. must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished. All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

The Carmel Pine Cone is on sale at the following Ocean Avenue news stands:

In Carmel:
Carmel Smoke Shop, Mrs. Frieda J. Todd, proprietor.
Louis S. Slevin's News Stand and Book Shop.
Stanford's Drug Store, D. L. Staniford, proprietor.
Seven Arts Book Shop, Herbert Heron, proprietor.
In Monterey:
Monterey News Agency, B. W. White, Agent.
Union Stage Depot, George C. Cowart, General Agent.
Hotel Del Monte News Stand.
In New York City:
Times Square News Stand, 42nd and Broadway.

MISCELLANEOUS

EMPLOYMENT Agency & Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby, Carmel Service Bureau. Monte Verde, bet. Ocean and 7th, east side. Phone 565-W.

WINDOW SHADES, Cabinet Work, General Jobbing, Furniture, Repairs, 7th and Dolores; 5th Ave., near San Carlos. Box 931, Carmel.

NOW IS THE TIME to have your gowns remodeled at the Myra B. Shop, opposite the Postoffice. Telephone 68-7.

Florence A. Bellman, M.D.
South Carmelo near Ocean Ave. Carmel

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER—Osteopath, successor to Dr. Myrtle C. Gray, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 414.

Carmel House & Lot Co.

Park's Building near Post Office
"BEST BUYS"

HOME ON SCENIC DRIVE—Four bedrooms, electric range in kitchen, extra shower in basement, garage. \$9500. Terms.
LOT ON MISSION—Close in, 40x200, price \$1000.
GOOD HOUSE on Mission Street. Close in, 75x100. \$8000 cash for quick sale.
GOOD HOUSE on Carmelo, suitable for large family. \$9500. Terms.
MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR SUMMER RENTALS NOW. FOR YOUR BUILDING—SEE PERCY PARKS.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

CORNELIS BOTKE—Classes in Painting, Landscape, Etching, Composition, Still-Life and Drawing. Advanced Students or Beginners. San Antonio St., South of Ocean Ave., or Telephone Carmel 51-W.

Thomas Vincent Cator
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio—4th & Lopez

DR. C. E. BALZARINI—Dentist Rooms 1 and 2, Goldstone Building, Monterey, California. Phone 134

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Charles H. Lowell, M. D. Office, Seventh and Dolores; Res. San Antonio St. and Eleventh Ave., Carmel-by-the-Sea. 11 to 12, 2 to 4 Office phone 28; Res. phone 342.

DR. RAYMOND BROWNELL—Dentist. P. O. Bldg., Dolores St., Carmel. Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays 9 a.m. to 12 m. Phone 250

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Naturopathic Physician and Chiropractor. Ultra Violet Ray Quartzlight. Registered lady nurse in attendance. Office Hours: 10 to 11, and Mon., Wed., Sat. Eve., 3 to 9; Phone 105. Monterey Office, Suite 5, Work Bldg., phone 1526. Hours: 4 to 5 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays by appointment only. Office and residence, Pine Cone, Apts., Dolores St., opposite P. O. Telephone Carmel 105.

MARION E. MAULAY, M.D.
Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children
First National Bank Building
15 E. 1st St., Alvarado
MONTEREY
Hours: 10 to 4 p.m.
Home: 11-12 a.m. Phone Carmel 460

What You Want In the Post Office

HOGLE & MAWDSLEY

Realtors and Subdividers

Court of the Golden Bough

WATERFRONT ACREAGE HOME-SITES, at Deven Heights, Carmel Highlands. Views of coastline and surrounding country. Roads, water, electricity, and beach rights. Deep black soil. Fifteen minute drive from Carmel on state highway. Restricted residence tract. Attractive prices, easy terms. Resales are taking place and prices going up. Only six sites left.

3-ROOM HOUSE and double garage in La Loma tract. Large lot. Price \$1575.00 unfurnished. Can sell furnished. Adjoining lot also available.

TWO LARGE LOTS in La Loma on paved street. \$1200.00. Terms.
ON CARMEL POINT—Good view lot. \$1050 up. Frontages of 40 feet, 60 feet, 80 feet, or more, as desired.

ON CARPENTER STREET—60x100. Beautifully wooded. \$850.00. Easy terms.

ON TORRES—One block from Ocean avenue. 60x100. \$1575.00.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Two women or girls to work in laundry. Steady employment. Carmel French Laundry, 5th and Junipero streets.

WANTED—at the Myra B. Shop, a bright young girl as an apprentice to learn business. Small wages.

INSTRUCTION IN HANDWEAVING given by noted expert from Europe. Apply Billy Polak, Carmel.

HANDY MAN does gardening, trimming and curing trees, build rock or brick walls, patios, carpentering, painting. Wants WORK. Reasonable rates. Box 632.

WANTED—To hear from owner of land for sale. D. M. Leight, Alameda, Montana.

WANTED—A position as Chauffeur in private family. Experienced. References. Box RH, Pine Cone.

WANTED—A companion from 4 to 10 p.m. daily. Must be a reader. \$35.00 a month. Enquire Pine Cone.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—Wire haired fox-terrier, male. Very well bred. Owner call or write Carmel Boarding Kennels.

LOST—Belt scarf. Saturday a.m. March 12. Leave at Pine Cone office.

CHURCH NOTICES

CARMEL CHURCH
An authoritative vital message and Public Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday.
Sunday School, 10 a.m.
I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Strangers cordially welcomed

ALL SAINTS CHAPEL
(Episcopal)
Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES
CARMEL
North Santa Verde Street
Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY
Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.
(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE
Fountain and Central Aves.
Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.

All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday, March 20

Subject: "Spiritual Law and Order"

Telephone 23-W

Dolores St., bet. Eighth and Ninth

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—The home of George E. Stone at Carmel Highlands. One acre of sea coast, wooded, large house of reinforced concrete. Every convenience, garages, terraced gardens, etc. A magnificent property. See owner on premises, or write George E. Stone, Carmel or any agent.

FOR SALE—Steinway Grand piano. Beautiful tone. R. M. Hollingsworth, Hatton Fields, phone 335M

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Pinehaven, Eighth and Monte Verde, all newly decorated. Living room, studio or dining room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, garage. See owner, G. J. Seideneck, on premises or Eighth and Junipero, or agents.

The Lost Shall Be Found
Hearts made happy by a little Classified Ad in This Newspaper

NOTICE OF SELECTION UNDER SECTIONS 2275 AND 2276, U.S. REVISED STATUTES
As Amended by Act of Congress, February 28, 1891

Rule 10 and paragraphs 2, 3 and 4 of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910 (39 L.D. 39), and Rule 9 and first paragraph of Rule 11, Regulations approved June 23, 1910, as amended October 15, 1919 (47 L.D. 257).

United States Land Office at San Francisco, State of California

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 16556, Serial No. 017535, applying to select its indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lots 7 and 8 of Sec. 35, T. 17 S., R. 2 E., M.D. Meridian. A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, San Francisco, California, March 4, 1927.

EDMUND ROBINSON,
Acting Register.

First publication, March 18, 1927.
Last publication, April 16, 1927.

NOTICE OF ELECTION For HIGH SCHOOL TRUSTEES

NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of Monterey Union High School District, County of Monterey, State of California, that the Annual Election for High School Trustees will be held at the Public Schoolhouse in said district on the last Friday in MARCH, viz., MARCH twenty-five, 1927. It will be necessary to elect two trustees at large for three years.

The polls will be open between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are:

Florence Spooner, Inspector.
Ruth Huntington, Judge.
Frances Farrington, Judge.
Carmel Martin, President,
Wm. T. Kibbler,
L. D. Lacey,

High School Board,
Dated February 14, 1927.

Monterey Union High School District.

Miss Alys Snow has left for Los Angeles, where she will visit relatives for an indefinite period.

THE CURTAIN SHOP

Martha Broohard

Assistant to Home Makers

Corner Cass and Hartnell Sts.
Monterey

GOLDEN STATE

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

SATURDAY

DOROTHY MACKALL
CHARLEY MURRAY

"SUBWAY SADIE"

News —&— Comedy

SUNDAY

LEATRICE JOY

Charles Ray-Phyllis Haver
David Butler
and many others
—in—

"Nobody's Widow"

A Sparkling Comedy of Love
Romance and Thrills
and

Jack Romig Musical Co.

MONDAY
TUESDAY

EMIL JANNINGS

In a Great Film Masterpiece

"FAUST"

Another Big Foreign Spectacle

—also—

Comedy News

Wednesday

LEWIS STONE

and a Big Cast

—in—

"Don Juan's Three Night's"

Exciting - Sensational

—also—

"The Yokel," Comedy

Thursday - Friday

MARION DAVIES

—in—

"THE RED MILL"

with

Owen Moore
Louise Fazenda
and many other stars

Tragedy Threatens Woman Lost In Deep Shaft

Mrs. W. L. Witherbee, who with her husband occupies the Corrigan studio on Camino Real near Eighth street, had a dreadful experience Thursday week when she fell through the rotten top of an abandoned shaft in rear of the La Playa Annex, and was found hours later after a search in which many of the villagers took part.

Unharmed, save for the effects of shock and exposure, Mrs. Witherbee was rescued from her watery prison where for nearly five hours she had clung to a rotting timber and vainly tried to send her feeble voice beyond the sodden soil and seeping walls that encompassed her. Stagnant water that rose neck-high added its numbing chill to the dreadful prospect of a night-long struggle for life against impossible odds, and yet Mrs. Witherbee, greater heroine than any of her sex who have fought their way through channel waters to vaudeville fame and riches, refused to accept her fate and, by her courageous determination, finally won her fight.

Shortly after 4 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Witherbee left the house and began to arrange some flowers in the backyard. Needing a bit of wire to complete her task, she glanced about the place and noticed just what she sought a few feet away. As she walked toward it she suddenly felt the earth give way beneath her feet and, before she had time to make an outcry, found herself at the bottom of an 18-foot shaft with five feet of water covering its oozy bottom and nothing by which she could climb to safety up its slimy sides.

A projecting timber did offer a means of support, however, and she desperately clung to this while she called for help. Fighting to keep her head above the putrid water, as the mud seemed trying to pull her feet ever deeper and the earth and rocks above her appeared about to

fall and seal her in a watery tomb, the 60-year-old woman shouted again and again but there was no response.

Some two hours later her husband, having agreed to stroll with her down to the point, as was their evening custom, became alarmed at her absence and notified Marshal Gus Englund. The latter, knowing the ready sympathy of Carmel folk with anyone in distress, called on members of the fire department and a search was organized.

The beach, the forest, the Carmel river outlet—every possible spot where one might suffer a fall or be concealed—was subjected to the scrutiny of the scores who responded to the call. The entire community forgot about plans for dinner and abandoned all private pursuits. Carmel concentrated upon the task of finding Mrs. Witherbee.

At intervals some one would be sent back to the house to see whether, by any chance, she might have returned. One of these, young McGuckin, a grocer's boy, more persistent than the rest, went to the rear of the house.

From the ground at his feet, it seemed, he heard a human voice crying for help. Boylike, he shouted a word of encouragement and sped to the La Playa hotel annex nearby and spread the glad tidings, gathering up a ladder as he ran, and returned to the spot. The ladder was carefully lowered into the pit and willing hands soon had Mrs. Witherbee inside the house, where restoratives were administered and measures taken to ward off pneumonia and other possible bad effects.

Suggestions of medical aid were spurned by the undaunted woman. "I'll be myself in a moment," she assured Mrs. Daisy Bostick, in charge of the first aid activities. "Please don't get a doctor. I really feel fine!" And she actually looked as if she meant it.

PIONEER WOMAN GOES TO HER REWARD

Mrs. Katherine Cullen Hunter, 87-year-old California pioneer, and daughter of Hiram Inus, member of the first California legislature in the days when Monterey was capitol of the state, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. E. Dalbey, Carmel, Monday last, after a long illness.

She is the widow of the late William Theodore Hunter and leaves, in addition to Mrs. Dalbey, two other daughters, Mrs. E. A. Wettig, Sacramento, and Mrs. R. H. Greely, Carmel.

A sister, the last of a family of eleven children, Mrs. J. E. Redmond of Tracy, also survives Mrs. Hunter.

The body was sent to Santa Cruz Tuesday for interment in the Evergreen cemetery, land for which her father, Mr. Inus, deeded to the city of Santa Cruz many years ago.

DAYLIGHT HIGH AND LOW TIDES AT CARMEL

(Note: The day changes at 1 Day Time Height Time Height March Low High

19	4:56pm	0.9 ft	11:04pm	4.1 ft
	5:09am	0.5 ft	11:34am	4.1 ft
20	5:33pm	0.7 ft	11:48pm	3.8 ft
	5:38am	0.9 ft		
			High	Low
21	0:06am	4.1 ft	8:12am	0.5 ft
	12:35pm	3.6 ft	8:09pm	1.3 ft
22	0:14am	4.1 ft	8:59am	0.2 ft
	1:30pm	2.3 ft	8:43pm	1.7 ft
23	0:34am	4.1 ft	7:43am	0.2 ft
	2:38pm	3.1 ft	7:18pm	2.1 ft
24	1:00am	4.1 ft	8:37am	0.1 ft
	3:07pm	3.0 ft	8:00pm	2.6 ft
25	1:48am	4.1 ft	9:38am	0.0 ft
	5:10pm	3.0 ft	8:10pm	2.7 ft

Mrs. J. M. Terwilliger, with her son, Frank, is visiting at her home in Pasadena.

WILL SAVE LABOR FOR CARMEL WOMEN

Here's a timely solution for the Carmel hostesses who are already concerned with the worry of special dishes they will have to prepare for their Easter visitors.

The students of Unity Hall are polishing up their pots and pans and cake-tins in preparation for one of the most delectable food sales ever held in the cuisine history of Carmel. There will be every conceivable dish on the long tables of Lawrence Leidig's grocery store annex. Mr. Leidig is very kindly donating this section of his store for the sale.

As an attractive feature of the venture the students of Unity Hall are to serve delicious cream waffles and hot coffee free to both visitors and customers.

Don't miss the fun and food on Saturday, April 16th.

REALTY BOARD EATS AND TALKS BUSINESS

The first meeting of the Monterey Peninsula Realty board under its new officers took place Monday at luncheon at Hotel San Carlos, with twenty-two enthusiastic members present.

Herbert G. Mayes and F. A. Boich of Monterey and William Crowley of Pacific Grove were elected members. An address on the objects of the board for 1927 was delivered by E. H. Tickle, president.

The following are the officers of the local realty board, which is affiliated with the California real estate association: E. H. Tickle, president; J. P. Fryer, vice president; Jack Deamant, director; J. P. Fryer, secretary-treasurer; J. P. Wright, director at large.

HATTON FIELDS

Every home site in this beautiful residence subdivision is offered at a lower rate per given area than the original price of many of Carmel's 40x100 foot lots.

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HONEYMOONING IN MOROCCO (Continued from page 15)

hashish pipes between their wrinkled lips—white robed women with one eye curiously turned in one's direction, but it was hard to tell from these half hidden human eyes if they looked upon the foreigner with curiosity or indifference—little girls of less than ten summers pass with the costume of marriage wrapped about their childish frames. People stream past you with their different unwrapped purchases in their hands, raw meat for the evening meal, a tiny bunch of mint leaves for their pot of tea, and occasionally one sees approaching a striking figure of a man, his white draperies swaying with his majestic stride and nobility written on every line of his face. In his hand he carries a string of brown wooden beads, the rosary of his faith, and as you stare enchanted up into his face you hear him muttering the words of the Koran. Nothing distracts the Arab in the consuming habit of his religion.

Past Mosque and Medersa one threads a way, stopping occasionally to let the different pictures trace indelible lines upon the memory for you fear to lose the color and the detail of this life that is nowhere duplicated either in the realm of quaintness or the picturesque. One stops at the forbidden lattice of the Zenia of Mulay Idris where a copper hole is placed for the convenience of those who wish to "do unto others." I quickly placed a coin into this "poor box" and wondered if they can know that what is for Allah is for my God as well. "There is no god but God."

A drive in the twilight hour about the hills that surround Fez and one feels the urge of poetry, as the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to pray ascends with other remote sounds that go to make the music of a city.

Slim jade minarets reach high,
Seeking Allah in the sky.

Turbaned children crowd the
walls;
Jolting commerce flanks the
stalls.
Jewels of Allah—watching down—
Souls created for his crown.

Arab music wafts to me;
Hearts that sing though are not
free.
Ancient life like city walls
Chains them still to early halls.

Ages here have lived and died;
Time and change is yet defied.
Though Allah is the God they fear,
I think that Jesus once walked
here.

I speed through the air again to
Rabat, enjoying on the way a bird's
intimate glimpse into the privacy of
the green tiled patios of Meknes
homes, and take an early bus to
Tangier, regretfully approaching
my last contact with lovely, luring
Morocco.

Tangier, though lightly called international territory, is by the very nature of its racial differences a turbulent city infested with intrigue. Different from America, where all races are blended into one by reason of one government, here it would seem that some force were experimenting with racial proximity to see if it were possible that all countries could unite in a common effort towards the common good. As yet the experiment is not a success, for each race seems to have a concerted sense of patriotism. But it is interesting to sit in cafes in the petit Socco and know that beneath the surface-groups, time of day in friendly gossip, there who seem only to be passing the rages the building of history. No one race can alter the strategic position of Tangier, no undoubtedly the character of its life will always continue to be the same—until all countries agree to the ruling of one world.